

TIP TOP WEEKLY

An ideal publication for the American Youth



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DICK MERRIWELL'S TEAM

OR
THE YOUNG WONDERS OF THE DIAMOND



BY
BURT L. STANDISH

AS DICK STRUCK OUT THE LAST MAN, BAR Z JIM RODE ONTO THE DIAMOND, YELLING LIKE AN INDIAN, AND SHOOTING INTO THE AIR.

Tip Top Weekly.

(LARGE SIZE.)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

Don't fail to read these stories if you have not already.

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With TIP TOP No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

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DICK MERRIWELL'S TEAM:

OR,

The Young Wonders of the Diamond.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONQUERORS.

At last the Fardale Athletic Committee had come to its senses. The victory of the Fardale team, captained by Dick Merriwell, over the Union Athletic Association of Uniontown and the bringing home of over four hundred dollars as Fardale's share of the gate money had wrought a remarkable change.

The committee gasped with unspeakable amazement when the report came over the wire that Fardale had won, for it had not seemed possible that the academy team could defeat the wonderfully fast nine of the U. A. A., and there was little delay in turning out a wildly hilarious and jubilant crowd to welcome the boys back from victorious battle.

But what caused the committee to gasp more than

anything else was the money Captain Dick placed in the hands of the chairman of the committee, stating that it was Fardale's proceeds from the game.

Four hundred dollars!

No wonder they were amazed! No wonder they were overcome with delight!

For in the past few days the committee had been overshadowed with gloom, caused by the fact that the funds raised for carrying the baseball team through the season had become exhausted and there seemed to be no way of raising more money. Not only that, but a debt of almost a hundred dollars had piled up on them, and they had secretly discussed the advisability of disbanding the team before the obligation became so large that there would be no possible way of paying it.

Now, at one swoop, the team had cleared itself of debt and placed three hundred dollars in the treasury, enough to make it certain that the season would be finished and that there would be money left for next season.

But that was not all.

No amateur or semi-professional team in that section was held in such fear as U. A. A., which claimed the amateur championship of the State. Uniontown refused, as a rule, to play with school teams, for the reason that such teams were not strong enough to make the games close and interesting. However, Eaton, Fardale's strongest rival, had been able to secure games with U. A. A. year after year, while Fardale had been ignored and held in contempt.

This year, however, the record of the Fardale team had been such that the management of U. A. A. could not help taking note. Then, when the time came that Uniontown needed a game with some club and could not secure a strong team, Fardale was challenged, through Dick Merriwell. Doubting if Fardale would draw well, U. A. A. offered to play with the agreement that the winning team took two-thirds of the gate money, and Fardale accepted—glad to get a game on any terms.

The manager of the Uniontown team was amazed by the great crowd of spectators that came pouring onto the ground to witness that game of ball. When he was told that over six hundred dollars had been taken, he groaned at the thought that Fardale would carry away two hundred of that good money. But when the game was over and he realized that, according to the terms proposed by him and agreed upon, Fardale would take away more than four hundred dollars, he came near having a hemorrhage.

And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in Uniontown that night.

While there was joy and hilarity and the bursting of bombs in Fardale.

The committee in a body came right down off its perch and offered a vote of thanks to Dick Merriwell, for, one and all, the members of the team united

in declaring that it was Dick's wonderful pitching and masterly management of the team on the field that won the game.

But Dick was not selfish enough to take all the glory. He told of the wonderful support he had received from every department of the nine. How all the fellows had worked as if their very lives depended on the result. How clean base hits had been spoiled by the astonishing fielding of the Fardale lads.

Of course, the story of the blinding of Dick in the ninth inning was told, and created no end of indignation. And the academy boys looked on the captain of the nine with still greater admiration and respect when they learned that he had pitched the final inning when he could barely see the batter and the catcher and had found himself entirely blind directly after catching the line ball from the bat that put out the last man.

It was almost too wonderful to believe, but it was true.

It made no difference that Dick laughingly declared that catch a pure accident, as he had flung up his hands to protect his face from the ball he could not see when he heard the bat strike it. That made the thing none the less amazing.

And now it seemed that all Fardale honored Dick and gloried in him.

This was true only in outward seeming.

For the treacherous fellows who called themselves the Black Wolves and met secretly in the Wolf's Den were unchanged. All this praise of Dick simply made them more bitter, but they knew enough to keep still.

More bitter than ever was Tod Hubbard, known as "Big Wolf," the leader of the gang. Fred Stark, who was called "Soft Paw," was the only one of the gang who confessed himself truly and thoroughly discouraged.

"You can't beat that fellow," he declared, as he lay on his back on the fragrant boughs which covered the ground of the den, staring gloomily up at

the smokehole above. "It's no use. We may as well quit trying."

"You make me sick!" growled Big Wolf, contemptuously. "He is having his day now."

"And a glorious day it is," whined Jim Watson, called "Quick Eye" by his brother Wolves.

"What do you think about it, Fang Tooth?" asked Sam Hogan, turning to Mark Crauthers, who was soberly and silently smoking a black pipe. "You have said nothing."

"Because I have nothing to say, Red Heart," came from Fang Tooth, who sat with his legs doubled up Indian fashion, staring straight ahead and puffing the blue-white smoke from his lips.

"Well, I hope you're not going to wilt, the whole of you!" cried Big Wolf, with an indignant howl.

"What's to be done?" demanded Red Heart. "It seems to me that we have done about everything possible, and he rides straight on to glory just the same as if we had not wiggled a finger."

"The tide will turn."

"You've been saying that for some time, but I see no symptoms of it as yet."

Big Wolf grew angry.

"You can all quit, if you want to!" he snarled; "but I shall keep right on, just the same."

"What's the use to get mad about it?" said Soft Paw, gently. "I played on the nine and was discarded that my place might be filled by one of his friends. I think I have as good reason as any one to hate him. But I have sense enough to see that we're only making him all the more popular by trying these things against him and failing. You must see that, Hubbard."

"Yah! Call me Big Wolf when we're here in the Den! I presume I have as much sense as you! And I can see as far as you, too!"

"Then you must confess that I'm right."

"Confess nothing! You are ready to crawl! Well, go ahead! You make me sick, the whole lot of you!"

"That's pretty plain talk," said Red Heart, flush-

ing. "I have stuck by you pretty well, even when my conscience has troubled me some, for Dick Merriwell never has used me dirty."

"Oh, you're looking for an excuse to crawl over to his side now, are you?" snapped Big Wolf, jumping up and standing crouchingly over Hogan. "If you do—if you ever blow on any of us—if you ever tell anything about me——"

"Now, that's enough!" cried Hogan, aroused. "I'm not that kind of a sneak! You have no call to make this sort of talk, Hubbard, and I, for one, won't take it from you."

For a moment it seemed that these fine young wolves would fall on one another then and there in their own den, and that there would be a savage fight; but Hubbard cooled a little, or realized that he would turn them all against him, and muttered:

"All right. You know what I think."

"We've got to be getting back to the academy," said Quick Eye. "I'm going now."

He had held his breath when it seemed that the fight must take place, and now he hastened to slip out of the den.

The Wolves glared at one another in sullen silence, and then, one after another, they followed Watson.

CHAPTER II.

SOME VISITORS.

The members of the baseball team had gathered in Dick's room. Burrows, the chairman of the athletic committee, was there also. They were discussing a challenge just received.

"Who ever heard of this Springvale team?" questioned Hal Darrell, keenly interested.

"Where is Springvale?" demanded Don Kent.

"Springvale is about four miles from Uniontown," explained Dick, leaning against the mantel. "Our fine friend, Mr. Kennedy, said he was from that town."

At the name of the fellow who had drugged Singleton, the big fellow routed up from the reclining comfort of a Morris chair and growled:

"Kennedy! Confound that sneak! I'd like to place my hands on him!"

Dick's eyes flashed a little.

"I'm another, Bob," he nodded. "I think I could give Mr. Kennedy just what he deserves."

"If you gug-gug-gave him wh-wh-wh-what you gug-gug-gave Bill Bones, I guess he'd lul-lul-lay still for a while," grinned Chip Jolliby, his Adam's apple bobbing in its usual comical manner when he spoke.

"Oh, I should hate to see the poor fellow used like that!" exclaimed Ted Smart, in pretended horror. "It would be just perfectly awful!"

"The onery coyote oughter be roped and dragged!" averred Brad Buckhart. "I'd like to do the roping, too. You hear me peep!"

"'E was a low fellow, don't you know," put in Billy Bradley. "'E was a blooming cheap chap! Ya-as!"

"But this challenge—what had we better do about it?" questioned Hadley Burrows, who never before was known to consult the members of the team about anything. "We have a half-holiday Thursday, and they offer to play us here at Fardale on that date."

"What is the name of the manager of that team?" asked Merriwell.

"Creel—Charles Creel," answered Burrows.

"Never heard of such a fellow in baseball. What does he say about his team—straight amateur?"

"No; says he has a hired battery. He seems very honest about it. Is starting out on a little trip to get his team into shape before entering a small four-team league that is to be formed down that way."

"How much guarantee does he ask for?"

"That's the funniest part of it, he doesn't ask for anything definite—says he'll be satisfied with anything we can afford to give him."

"Well, the terms are liberal enough!" said Kent, with a laugh.

"Too liberal," declared Darrell.

"How can they be too liberal?"

"Why, I don't quite understand it."

"Nor I," confessed Dick. "He must want to play pretty bad."

"Says he has other games arranged that will pay him."

"Well, it's possible. I'm willing to play. We'll give Darrell an opportunity to hand 'em up."

"I'll do my handsomest," he said. "I'm aching for a chance to pitch a game."

"Then we'll consider it settled, and I'll write at once," said Burrows. "Or do you wish to write, Captain Merriwell?"

"Not I," said Dick. "I informed Seaton, manager of the U. A. A. team, that his challenge should have been sent to you, instead of me."

"All right," nodded Burrows, taking his cap and preparing to leave. "But we mustn't throw this game away. We haven't been defeated yet this season, and we want a clean record, same as the football team had last fall."

"Don't be afraid that we'll not play to win," assured Dick. "Only chumps play carelessly in any game, for careless playing even in a game that is won beyond a doubt is bad, as it gets the careless player to relax his usual snap and vigor, which may lead him to do it some other time in a different sort of a game."

Unconsciously Dick had indicated by his words how it was that the Fardale team had been brought up to such a remarkable state of development for youngsters like them. From the very beginning of the season Dick had somehow filled them with the spirit that played ball from the time the first batter stepped up to the plate till the last man was out. There was no relaxing for a single second. Every player was keyed up to his best and watching for an opportunity to do something. This spirit, combined with surprising team work for such a young club, had carried Fardale to the front with a rush that astonished the other school teams.

"Well, so long," said Burrows, and he went out.

Hal Darrell whistled softly, a faint smile playing round his lips.

"Wouldn't that give you cause for meditation?" he muttered. "Think of Burrows coming round to ask our opinion about anything like that!"

"Things have ch-ch-ch-changed since Hannah dud-dud-died!" grinned Jolliby.

"Things have changed since Dick Merriwell took the team," said Don Kent.

"Now you're shouting!" nodded Buckhart. "Steve Nunn is all right, but the committee didn't give him a show."

There came the sound of heavy steps outside the door, on which there was a sharp knock. Then the door was flung open, and a cadet corporal stood outside, with two persons behind him.

"Friends to see Mr. Buckhart," said the corporal, and it seemed that there was a ghost of a smile about the corners of his mouth.

"That's all right, partner," said a stentorian voice. "Thankee kindly fer your trouble, and I'll sure do as much fer you ef you ever come out on the range. Come on, Obediah, let's mosey right in. I sartin allow Brad is yere."

Into the room strode a person that caused the boys to gasp with amazement.

A cowboy right off the range!

He was a picturesque personage, to say the least, having a weather-tanned face, long, red hair, and drooping, faded red mustache that gave him a fierce look. He wore a wide-brimmed hat with a leather strap round it and a thong running through a series of holes in the brim. He had on a coat, but no vest, and his woolen shirt was open at the throat. Strangest of all to the eyes of those boys were the leather "chaps" with the hair on the outside, which covered his legs. His pistol belt hung loosely, with the empty holster on his right hip.

And he was no fake cowboy; he was the real thing. He was followed by a boy who was not over sixteen, and who was so fat that his eyes partly closed when he smiled, and shut tightly when he laughed. This boy was almost, if not quite, six feet tall, and it seemed that he had trouble in squeezing through the

open door. In short, he was a perfect sight, although his full-moon face was not unhandsome.

Bob Singleton sat bolt upright, staring and gasping:

"Well, I wonder what dime museum has broke loose now!"

But Brad Buckhart, after his first pause of astonishment, jumped forward with outstretched hand, crying:

"Jim, is it you? Well, this is a surprise! It is, I know!"

"Put her thar!" said Jim, as he grasped Brad's hand. "You're just the same boy you alwus wuz, Brad! Ain't ashamed to squeeze 'he paw o' ther foreman o' your father's ranch, ef ye do go to a swell eddycation shop in the East, air ye? Put her thar fer ninety days! It sure is a sight fer sore eyes to see ye, boy!"

"Hello, Brad!" piped the fat boy, in such a shrill voice that everybody started. "Ain't ye goin' ter speak ter me?"

"Obediah, I'm plumb tickled to death!" declared Buckhart, as he turned and grasped the pudgy hand of the fat boy with both his own.

"Heh! heh! heh!" laughed the fat boy. "Gol darn my picter, if I ain't tickled to death, too! Say, don't you look scrumpshush in them togs! An' will I hev a suit jest like that?"

"You?" exclaimed Brad.

"Yep. I'm comin' to skule here."

"You are?"

"That's what I be. Pa said I might. I bin at him tooth an' toenail fer two months to let me come, an' at last he ups an' said: 'Obediah, Buckhart's foreman's goin' East, an' I've decided to let him take you along to that skule, so pack yer Kennebecker an' git, an' don't let me hear no more talk about it.' Heh! heh! heh! You bet I'm comin' to skule here! An' I'm jest goin' to show the fellers around here some tricks about baseball an' them things that will make 'em gasp till their back teeth drop out. Gol darn my picter, if I don't!"

CHAPTER III.

OBEDIAH TUBBS.

There was something irresistibly funny about the appearance of the fat boy and his manner of talking and laughing. In spite of themselves and their good manners, the boys in that room were laughing at him. But he did not seem to mind it in the least.

"You play baseball?" said Buckhart. "Where did you ever learn the game?"

"Why, back hum in Skowhegan, Maine, before pa got the idee inter his head that he'd gotter pull up stakes an' go out West onto a ranch. I uster make 'em stare, I tell you. An' couldn't I sock the ball! Heh! heh! heh! I 'member the time I battered an old yarn ball clean over the skulehouse, an' it fell down Widder Jehonnett's chimney. Oh, I was a reg'ler rip-tearer at the bat, gol darn my picter if I warn't!"

"And you're really coming to this school? Is it all settled? Did your father make arrangements?"

"Yep. I didn't know northin' about it, but pa he'd writ on an' found out all there was to find out afore he tole me I might come. He'd fixed it that I was to be took in on my skule record out where I live now, an' it's all right. Jim he jest got me here, though I'm 'most starved to death, fer I ain't hed skeercely anything to eat to-day."

"That's so," said the cowboy, with a chuckle behind his red mustache. "I ain't spent more'n seven dollars on him to-day buyin' him sandwiches an' cake an' pie. He sure has a poor appetite! That's whatever makes him so delicate an' ailin', I reckon. Pie! Lord, but that boy can surround more pie than a whole regiment. There'll be a fam-in' round this ranch, I opine, if he stays here long."

"Pie!" piped the fat boy, pressing his hands to his stomach and rolling his eyes upward. "Pie! Why did you speak of it? If pritty soon I don't git some pie, I swan to gracious I believe I shall die! Gosh! I made a pome! Heh! heh! heh!"

"Oh, Lordy!" gasped Ted Smart, "he's worse than a funeral! I haven't seen anything as sad as that in a year!"

"Fellows," said Buckhart, glancing round at the boys, and indicating the cowboy with a wave of his hand, "this yere is Jim of the Bar Z, which is my father's ranch. Jim, these yere are my friends, and a right smart lot of fellows they are. You hear me shout!"

Jim gave Brad a queer look, as if somewhat surprised by his manner, but doffed his wide-brimmed hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Young gents, I'm sure some proud to meet up with you," he declared. "Brad he writ home an' kept tellin' his father about his chum Dick Merriwell, what he allowed was certain' the greatest boy on two legs, an' I've been right anxious to strike palms with Dick."

Brad drew Dick out, saying:

"Here he is, Jim."

Again the cowboy made that sweeping bow and extended his hand.

"Dick," he said, "put it thar!"

Dick did so, without suspecting in the least what was to happen.

Bar Z Jim closed his fingers on the boy's unresisting hand in a grip that seemed sufficient to crush iron. Tighter and tighter he squeezed, as he said:

"It certain does me proud to meet up with the feller what Brad allowed had so much sand an' was never a squealer. Why, Brad he opined you wouldn't utter a peep if you wuz havin' your legs chewed off by inches. He's sure gone on your style, Dick, an' that's a fact."

Tighter and tighter closed the hand of the powerful cowboy, while he continued to grin pleasantly into Dick's face.

Dick was utterly unprepared, and, taken thus by surprise, he found he could not resist, or return the pressure. All he could do was bear it or cry out, and he smiled back into the face of the man with the iron grip, pleasantly observing:

"I am afraid, sir, that Brad has praised me altogether too highly, for I am sure that I am quite unworthy of so many compliments."

"None whatever!" snorted Jim, having exerted his last bit of strength in squeezing the hand of the boy, while he seemed to feel Dick's fingers cracking and crushing, although young Merriwell smiled into his face as if utterly unaware of pain. "I allow you're the real thing, an' no mistake!"

When he released Dick's hand the boy did not look at it, but turned toward the fat lad.

"This yere," said Brad, "is Obediah Tubbs, sometimes called Obed for short. He says he's coming here to school."

Obediah pressed his hand over his heart and tried to make a profound bow, the same as Jim, but somehow he lost his balance, seemed to catch the toe of his right foot behind the heel of his left foot, and down upon the floor he fell with a crash that made things shake.

"Gol darn my picter!" he gasped, as he sat up awkwardly. "'Scuse me!"

"Didn't it ju-ju-ju-jar ye?" stuttered Chip Jolliby, who was convulsed with laughter.

"I swan, I struck right on my empty stomach!" said Obediah, getting up with much grunting and no small amount of difficulty. "The concussion nigh about broke my back! Oh, but I know I'm goin' to starve to death if I don't get something to eat pritty 'tarnal quick!"

"There is only one way to get something to eat here outside of regular meal time," said Dick.

"How do ye do that?"

"Make a raid on the pantry. If you get caught at it, it means that you're done for."

"Done fer, how? What will they do to ye?"

"Try you by drumhead court-martial, and sentence you to be shot!" declared Ted Smart. "It is sure death to be caught foraging in the pantry."

"My goodness!" squealed the fat boy, in astonishment. "I guess they're awful strict here. Has anybody been shot lately?"

"Only Smart," said Jolliby, laughing. "He's been half sus-sus-sus-shot once or twice."

"You're another!" cried Ted.

"Him?" said Obed, gazing at Jolliby's lanky figure. "Well, it ain't surprisin' they couldn't do a good job on him. He's so thin I don't see how they hit him at all. Heh! heh! heh!"

"You are rather thin and frail yourself," said Dick, smilingly noting that Obed's vest was unbuttoned all the way down, as if it had once been large enough for him, but was now so tight he could not bring it together with comfort."

"I think I hev fell erway some to-day," said the fat boy, regretfully. "I'll bet I don't weigh so much as I did yisterday by five or ten pounds."

"You must weigh as much as seventy-five or eighty pounds?" said Smart, soberly.

"That's so," grinned Obediah.

"How much do you weigh?" asked Dick.

"Well, not much over three hundred," answered the fat boy, honestly. "Dear me!" he groaned. "I must have something to eat! I believe I'll even risk bein' shot if I can git it. But I don't know how I'm goin' to git it. I ain't got onter the run of this old shebang yit. I wisht some of you fellers would go with me down to the pantry."

Somehow Dick felt like a lark, and he quickly agreed to show Obediah the way to the pantry. Somehow he had taken a liking to the hungry fat boy, who was plainly a jolly, good-natured chap.

Others wanted to go along, but Dick vetoed it, and so he and Obediah left on their way downstairs.

"Don't make any noise," cautioned Dick. "We must find out where the cook it. She may be around to bother us."

"If she is I'll eat her!" declared Obediah, chuckling.

"Hardly," returned Dick. "Mrs. Maloney would be far more likely to eat you, for she is a giantess, and she's awful savage. Remember, Obediah, that this is a dangerous piece of business. Be careful for your very life, and——"

"Gosh!"

The fat boy nearly fell down over his own feet.

"Thought I stepped on a cat," he said. Then he

sniffed the air, a look of happy expectancy coming to his broad face. "Gol darn my picter!" he gurgled. "I believe I smell pie! I know I smell pie!"

"Keep still," cautioned Dick, as they reached the head of the back stairs. "The cook has been cooking. We may find her in the kitchen. If we do, we'll have to resort to strategy."

Fortunately, Obediah did not stumble again on the stairs, and they finally reached the kitchen, which proved to be empty, the cook having stepped out.

And on a long table, where they had been placed to cool, were rows and rows of pies!

When Obediah saw them his heart beat wildly with happiness, and he longed to shout for joy.

"Come on!" said Dick. "Mrs. Maloney is out, but she may return any moment. We must do stunts in a hurry."

Into the kitchen they went.

CHAPTER IV.

HOT PIE.

Straightway Obediah would have set himself about devouring pie had Dick not reminded him of their perilous position and the necessity of getting away at once without being discovered.

"We mustn't be seen carrying off the pies," whispered Dick. "Here, hide 'em somewhere. Great Scott! they're hot!"

"Gol darn my picter, if you ain't a poet, too!" said the fat boy, in evident surprise, as Dick quickly handed over a pie. Then he jumped and passed the pie from one hand to the other and back again, blowing on his fingers.

"Jeeroosalum crickets!" he gurgled; "they be hot, been't they!"

"Quick!" hissed Dick—"quick! I hear footsteps approaching on horseback! Conceal thou the pie!"

In great haste, Obed Tubbs thrust the pie under his vest, which he started to button over it.

"Here! here!" whispered Dick. "Take this one, and this one, and this! You have room for them all in there."

He handed over in rapid succession three more pies, which the fat boy promptly thrust under his vest, drew in his breath, and managed to fasten enough buttons to hold his vest together.

Then his eyes began to bulge.

"Humpin', jumpin' tomcats!" he palpitated. "Them pies is warm! I kin feel 'em right through my shirt—wow! They're beginnin' to burn! I can't keep 'em in there! I'll hev to take 'em out, as sure as preachin'!"

"Stop!" excitedly whispered Dick. "Some one is coming! You'll be caught! Remember the awful penalty! Follow me!"

Dick skipped from the kitchen, with Obediah blowing and panting at his heels.

Up the back stairs young Merriwell lightly made his way, with the fat boy lumbering along behind him.

"Hold on! hold on!" groaned Obed, in great distress. "I'm bein' burned to death! Gol darn my picter! this business is simply awful!"

"On the other hand, it is awfully simple after you get used to it," assured Dick. "Don't mind a little thing like that!"

"Don't mind it!" squawked Tubbs, in agony. "Well, by Jim! I guess you'd mind it, if you was bein' burnt to a cinder by four redhot pies! I jest guess you would! I gotter to take 'em out—I gotter do it!"

"Think of the drumhead court-martial!" warned Dick, in apparent great horror and dread. "It means death—de-a-a-ath!"

Obediah was panting and the perspiration was running down his flushed face as they turned a corner of the corridor and came full upon Professor Gunn, who was on the way to his private room.

Dick stopped at once.

"Professor," he said, "it gives me great pleasure to present a new student, Obediah Tubbs, of Texas."

In the fat boy's ear he managed to whisper.

"Brace up! Shake hands! It's the head professor. Don't let him suspect."

Professor Gunn paused to adjust his spectacles, while Obediah stood teetering from one foot to the other and back again, his face red as a boiled lobster, while the expression it wore was one of comical distress that a forced grin could not fully conceal.

"Mr. Tubbs," said the professor, slowly, "I am—ah—glad to welcome you to our school. I have received several communications from your parents concerning you, and have given them my assurance that you shall receive careful attention and be pushed forward in all your studies. I observe that you are a large, healthy boy. That is, you appear to be healthy, although I note that at the present time you are extremely nervous and excitable. You do not seem to be able to keep still, and I infer that you are suffering somewhat. Am I—ah—right?"

"O-oo, I'm pritty well, thankee—pritty well!" gurgled Oebiah.

"But you keep pressing your hands convulsively to your stomach. Have you stomach trouble?"

"Er—er—no; that is, yes, just at present."

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed the professor, in great satisfaction. "I am seldom mistaken in such matters. I should have been a doctor. I think I could have made my mark in the world as a physician."

Poor Obediah! He was suffering untold tortures, for those pies threatened to raise blisters. He twisted and squirmed and longed to take to his heels.

Dick covered his mouth with his hand and laughed silently, ending with a cough to divert suspicion.

"It's really wonderful, professor!" he exclaimed, with pretended admiration. "Indeed, I believe you would have made a great physician. Obediah has told me of his troubles, and you have hit his case exactly. He has stomach trouble, caused by too much pie."

"I knew it!" declared Gunn. "Pie is the bane of modern civilization. It causes dyspepsia, nightmare, indigestion, debility and untold distress. I do not believe in pie for growing boys, but, if taken at all, it should be taken cold."

"By ginger! that's so!" burst forth Obediah. "Next time I take pie I shall take it cold. I'm dead set ag'in' hot pie arter this!"

"I think it will be well for you to see the doctor," said Gunn. "He may be able to alleviate your distress. It's no use, my boy; you can't press your stomach round with your hands and stop the pain. You might as well keep your hands away from it. What you need is an internal remedy."

"Oh, good gracious!" gasped the fat boy, squirming about.

"This is indeed serious!" exclaimed the professor, gravely. "I shall give orders that you are to be served no pie while you remain in this school."

The unlucky youth groaned.

"But—but I can't git along without pie!" he declared. "I must hev it!"

"Just a notion—just a whim. You will find you can do very well without it if you try. You must eat plain, substantial food. You should diet for that stomach trouble. I'll see to 'it that you are placed on a course of diet and allowed nothing but the plainest food. Cake and pastry of all kind you must not have."

"I'll die!" declared Obediah. "I'll starve to death!"

"Oh, not at all—not at all! You'll get used to it after a while. You have been pampered and petted too much. It is a splendid thing I met you at a time when you were suffering like this. You'll be glad of it some day. You should have some hot applications on your stomach to remove that pain."

By this time Dick was finding it difficult to keep from shouting with laughter. The suggestion of hot applications on Obediah's stomach was excruciatingly funny under the circumstances.

The fat boy was frightened, and, although still in distress, he braced up, grinning and saying:

"It's all over now. I don't need northing done. I'm all right."

"Are you sure?" anxiously inquired the professor.

"Dead sure."

"You must not deceive me."

"Oh, not fer the world!"

"Well, if the pains return, call the doctor at once. I'll look into your case still further, for I think it a very grave matter. A man is no stronger than his stomach, and a stomach ruined in youth means a life of distress."

Then, with a few more words, the old professor permitted them to pass on.

"Gol darn my picter!" gasped Obediah, as they hastened toward Dick's room. "I'm pritty nigh dead! An' I ain't to hev no more pies while I'm in this skule! Oh, Lordy! how kin I live without pie?"

The moment they were inside Dick's room Obediah ripped open his vest and yanked out the pies.

"Talk about ye're mustard plarsters!" he piped. "They ain't in it with hot pies! Ma, she once put a mustard plarster onto me, but I never felt the diddling thing half so much as I did one of them pies! Bet a caow I'm one big blister all over my stomach!"

The boys roared with laughter when Dick related their adventures and told of the conversation with Professor Gunn. But when some of them tried to get at the pies Obediah was ready to fight.

"They're mine!" he declared. "I've fit, bled an' died fer them pies, an' I won't let nobody git 'em erway from me! Stan' back!" he cried at Jolliby. "You're so ding-danged thin I'll bet you'd eat ev'ry pie here an' never know you'd hed one!"

"Cuc-cuc-cuc-can't ye give a feller one little teenty pup-pup-pup-piece?" asked Chip, longingly.

"Gol dinged if I do! I'm jest about starved to death, an' here's where I save a life. You kin watch me eat, if that'll do ye enny good."

Then, with three of the pies under his arms and one clasped in both hands, he retreated to the corner and began a ravenous assault on the pastry.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOT IS HATCHED.

Horace Seaton, manager of the U. A. A. baseball team of Uniontown, sat in company with three other

persons in a private room which served as an office in the gymnasium at Uniontown.

Seaton was looking blue.

His companions seemed to be urging something upon him.

"You cannot let the disgrace of this defeat by a school team like Fardale remain on the nine," declared Dave Dodge, a quiet little man with keen eyes and a crafty, determined expression of countenance.

"We were beaten fairly," said Seaton.

"But you were beaten, and there is where the disgrace comes in."

"What can be done?"

"I have proposed a scheme. Here is Mr. Creel, who will issue the challenge and appear to be manager of the team. Mr. Creel belongs in Springvale."

"But it's a trick!" exclaimed Seaton.

"There are lots of tricks in baseball, as you must know; but this you can pass off as a joke. I fail to see anything wrong in it."

Seaton was not easily satisfied.

"I fear we'll be laughed at for our pains."

"On the contrary, you will do the laughing. You must get another game with Fardale by hook or crook. What if you do get it by crook! It will do no harm."

"And I fail to see that it will do much good. It will be Springvale that will get the credit."

"Springvale has no baseball team."

"The Fardale people may find it out and catch on to the racket."

"Now, it is claimed that Springvale has just organized a team," urged Dodge. "What if the place has had no baseball team in the past? Can't it have one now? Of course!"

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed Seaton. "But it hasn't any team!"

"That's what lets us in. Mr. Creel challenges for Springvale, and Uniontown sends up her best players, which Creel has engaged. Fardale has advertised the game, and has a big crowd. It won't do to disappoint the crowd. Creel puts up a bluff of

being honest. If that does not go with young Merriwell, he laughs it off as a joke. Merriwell will play the game or I am mistaken in regard to the kind of stuff in him."

"The stuff is there all right," nodded Seaton, with something like an expression of admiration. "If it hadn't been for that fellow Fardale would not have the baseball team it has now. He has made the team all that it is."

"Still, he can be beaten. You have been up against him once, and you must know something about him. You say the boys claim they can hit him next time."

"They say so, but I am willing to confess that I do not feel at all sure of hitting him safely. He has a wonderful rise. It jumps just as the batter swings on it. Even if you are looking for a rise, it is almost impossible to calculate on that jump."

"Still, the fellows managed to hit him some, and they would do better next time."

"We hit the ball, but how many safe hits did we get?"

"I don't remember."

"I do."

"How many?"

"Not one legitimate hit!"

"But those kids gave him wonderful support. That explains it. They can't do it again."

"I don't know about that either. He is captain of the team, and he has a way of filling them with confidence. If a batter only knew when he was going to throw that jump ball and when he was going to throw something else——"

"They could hit him then?"

"Well, rather! If I had been willing to make a deal with a sneak, we might have known all about it."

Dodge showed fresh interest.

"How was that?" he asked.

"Oh, Dick Merriwell has his enemies. They always do, you know. The more popular they are with the masses the surer they are to have a few

fierce, determined enemies, usually fellows who would be rivals, if possible. Merriwell is no exception."

"Still I don't fully grasp you. What has that to do with knowing the signals. Did some enemy——"

"Now you have it," laughed Seaton.

"A Fardale cadet?"

"Sure thing."

"Offered to give the signals away?"

"Yes."

"Before the last game?"

"That's what."

"And you wouldn't have anything to do with him?"

"Of course not."

"Why?"

"I am not in the habit of playing baseball that way."

"No; but——"

"Besides that, I did not consider that there was the least need of knowing the signals. I reckoned that we would be able to hit him anyhow."

"But now——"

"It's too late."

"Not for the next game!" exclaimed Dodge. "Not for the next game! You have just said the fellows could hit him if they knew what he was going to throw. They must know. What's the name of the fellow who agreed to tip you off to the signals?"

"Tod Hubbard."

"Know anything about him?"

"Nothing save that he is a cadet at Fardale, and he seems to be rather crazy."

"Crazy?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He signed under his own name on the letter he sent me, 'Big Wolf, Chief of the Wolf Gang.' In the letter he spoke of the Black Wolves who had sworn to down Merriwell."

"Just like some boys," said Dodge. "Likely there

is a gang at Fardale calling themselves the Black Wolves. Say, this fixes it! Eh, Kennedy?"

Fred Kennedy, who had been listening, smiled a little. He was a young fellow, with a rather pleasant face, though there were bad lines about his mouth. His smile was very attractive, and there was magnetism about him.

"It ought to," he said. "That is, if there is any way of reading Fardale's signals on the field."

"Why," said Seaton, "this fellow Hubbard claims that Merriwell gives the signals half the time when he's pitching, and that he does it in such a way that all the team know just what he is going to throw. In that case, if an outsider knew the code, he could read the signals just as well as the Fardale chaps."

"It's a snap, if that is true," said Kennedy, enthusiastically. "It's your solemn duty to get next to this Hubbard and cajole him."

"I'm not in that line of business!" exclaimed Seaton, in disgust. "If I had been, we might have known all their signals for base-running and to the batters, for they have an elaborate code, according to the fellow who wrote me. When a man comes up to strike, Merriwell signals what he is to do. If he is to bunt, Merriwell tells him by a signal, and so forth. If we had known those signals we would have been ready to get after anything the fellows hit."

"The Springvale team should know the signal code at any cost," laughed Kennedy. "I shall be pleased to give some of my time and attention to the affair. I have a nice little score to square with Mr. Merriwell, who gently threw me over the rail in the presence of two thousand spectators."

"But he was looking for you after the game," said Seaton, with an expression on his face that seemed to indicate that he did not fancy Kennedy much.

"He wasn't doing a lot of looking," said Kennedy. "About that time his eyes were in no condition for looking."

"Well, his friends were looking, and I think they would have used you pretty roughly if they had caught you."

"Poof!" said Kennedy. "There was no danger."

"Then what made you get out of town in such a hurry?"

"Thought they might swear out a warrant and have me arrested. I knew they'd simmer down when they realized that Merriwell's eyes were not permanently injured."

"Well, I have no sympathy with that sort of business!" exclaimed Seaton. "Had we defeated Fardale because of your trick, I should have been dissatisfied."

"Then it's evident that you are not the man to run the team in this little scheme we are talking about. Creel can do that. You need have nothing to do with the management. You can play your position and know nothing. We'll get hold of the code of signals, and we'll see that U. A. A., under the name of Springdale, gives Fardale a handsome trimming."

But Horace Seaton was far from satisfied by this arrangement, for he was naturally inclined to be square and honest in all his dealings, and he felt that there would be little satisfaction in winning a victory through treachery and trickery of such reprehensible character.

"I'll have nothing whatever to do with the team," he declared, grimly.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"But—but you'll play your position?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I decline to be concerned in such a piece of crooked business. Go ahead and send your challenge! Go ahead and play your game, if the challenge is accepted. But leave me out of it entirely. That's all."

They knew it was useless to argue with him, for he was a fellow who was very set when he decided on anything. He would not yield.

"But you know I have an interest in the team," said Dodge, "and you cannot blame me. I put my

money into backing the team and this gymnasium in the first place."

Somehow Seaton felt like speaking out his mind now, and he flashed:

"I know you did so, but I have often thought it would be far better for U. A. A. if you had kept your money out."

A slow flush mounted to the dark cheeks of Dave Dodge, and his eyes glittered dangerously.

"You are insulting, Seaton!" he cried, holding his voice quite steady and cold.

"At least, I am truthful!" flung back the manager of the baseball team. "No one, save yourself, will deny that. You have made a good thing gambling on the games; but from the first you have worked for your own pocket, and it has been hinted that, in one instance, at least, when you could get no bets against U. A. A., you backed the other side and worked the wires to have us lose."

"Whoever said so," declared Dodge, without lifting his voice, "is a lying dog."

"Well, I'll have nothing to do with this piece of business. I will not play on the team."

"We can fill your place. I think Mr. Creel can cover first base, eh?"

Creel nodded.

"I can," he said; "but I'd much rather Mr. Seaton would hold his position."

"No!" cried Seaton, rising. "No! I'm not in it! Do whatever you like, but I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Then he left the room.

"Too confoundedly conscientious for any real use!" exclaimed Dodge.

"He may blow the whole business," nervously said Creel. "That would ruin everything."

"No danger," asserted Dodge. "He won't squeal. He'll go away and keep still as a clam, for he won't want any one to suspect that he knows anything about it."

"I hope you're right, for he could easily knock our little plan in the head."

Kennedy spoke up.

"As soon as the challenge is accepted," he said, "you had better let me go on to Fardale and look for Tod Hubbard. I'll get next to that worthy youth and drag from him the secrets of the Fardale signal code."

Dodge seemed to hesitate.

"What's the matter?" asked Kennedy.

"Oh, nothing; only I was thinking that you made a mess of your other attempt to get ahead of Merriwell, and I thought——"

"Give me one more show?" exclaimed Kennedy. "I want to redeem myself. Besides, it was not so much my fault that I made a mess of it before. You yourself thought U. A. A. would win out, and so you held me back till it was too late. When I did get the stuff into Dick Merriwell's eyes he managed to pull through the game before going quite blind."

"Well, I think perhaps we'll give you another show. If the challenge is accepted, you shall go on to Fardale and see what you can do with Hubbard. Now, Creel, we'll draw up that challenge, and you must get it off as soon as possible."

Then the trio drew more closely about the table, on which were writing materials.

In this manner the plot was formed.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE SHORE.

As Tod Hubbard was ascending the stairs ahead of Dick he drew out his handkerchief, which pulled a folded paper from his pocket. The paper dropped on the stairs and Dick picked it up. Although he disliked Hubbard, Dick was about to call to him and give him the paper, when on the slip he read these words, scrawled in lead pencil:

Touch left hand to left hip before delivery—out-curve.

A sudden thrill ran over Dick. On that piece of paper was recorded the signal, which he often used while pitching.

What did it mean?

Something caused him to quietly slip the paper into his pocket and proceed on the way to his room without calling Tod.

In his room, finding himself alone, Dick opened the paper and examined it. What he saw caused him to sit with compressed lips, thinking hard for some time.

On that paper was written out a part of the signal code of the Fardale baseball team.

Again Dick asked himself what it meant.

He knew Hubbard was anything but friendly to him, and why should the fellow take so much interest that he spent time to write these things down on paper?

"Mr. Hubbard, you'll bear watching," was Dick's decision.

Putting the paper into his pocket, he said not a word about it to any one.

But he kept his eyes on Hubbard.

That very afternoon, after the final session, Tod left the academy and struck out toward the shore, and in the direction of Black Bluff.

Now, Dick knew he would soon be needed on the field for practice, but he found Buckhart and said:

"May have to cut practice to-night. Let the fellows go on just the same. Don't say anything about it save that I told you I couldn't be there. You don't know another thing. You mustn't watch me, for you're not to know in which direction I have gone."

"All right, pard," said the Texan, wonderingly. "But I'm sure I'd like to know what's up now. I would, I know."

But Dick did not relieve his curiosity in the least.

Hubbard had disappeared in the direction of the bluff when Dick set out after him, walking rapidly.

In this case the craft taught the boy by Old Joe Crowfoot stood him in hand, for in time he came to a rocky portion of the shore not far from Black Bluff, and saw Hubbard meet a young man, who seemed to be waiting for him there.

The huge boulders were piled and strewn in con-

fusion along the shore, and they afforded Dick shelter and enabled him to slip forward swiftly toward the rascals without being seen by them. From one mass of boulders to another he flitted, climbing over some, darting round others, and soon was near enough to hear the voices of the two fellows who had met there in that suspicious manner.

Dick was anxious to hear what was passing, for he was satisfied that some sort of crooked work was going on, and that relieved his qualms of conscience in regard to eavesdropping.

He did not wish to lose much of the talk, so he made all possible haste, and soon he was behind some rocks within a few feet of the pair.

"Is this the whole thing complete?" he heard the man ask, and he started a little at the sound of that voice, his face paling and a fierce light flaring into his dark eyes.

"Pretty near the whole of it," answered Hubbard. "I had the rest on another piece of paper, but I can't find it anywhere in my pockets."

"Go through them again," urged the man. "I must have the signal code complete."

The signal code! So that was it? Of course it was the code of the baseball team; Dick had no doubts about that. And the paper Tod had dropped was in Dick's pocket at that moment.

Hubbard ransacked his pockets, but without any satisfactory result.

"It's gone," he declared.

"I must have it."

"I'll make it out again. I don't see what became of it."

"I must have everything complete. That is the agreement between us. And I can waste precious little more time. I've got to get back with this stuff so the fellows can have time to study the signals and get onto them."

"Do you think Springvale can beat Merriwell's team?"

"Do I think it? Why, Fardale won't be left in the

shape of anything. With these signals in our possession we'll wipe Fardale off the map!"

"I hope so! I hope so!" cried Hubbard, eagerly. "I have stood the success of that fellow Merriwell right up to the limit. I can't stand it any longer! He must be pulled down!"

"Don't you worry; we'll rub it into him. He won't think he knows anything at all about baseball."

"That will kill him to death!"

"Wait. If you really want to see a sick chap you'll enjoy looking at Dick Merriwell after the game with Springvale. We're going to put the surprise of his life on him. Never mind what it is. I can't tell you that, but you'll find out. My only fear is that he will squeal before the game."

"You needn't worry a bit about that," quickly declared Tod. "If you knew him better you would not be afraid of it. He never squeals. He sets his teeth and braces up to anything."

"But this is different. He might back out and claim a good excuse."

"He won't back out. Back out! Dick Merriwell! Not much! He'll play you if you bring a National League team with you!"

"Well, that's all we want. All we want is for him to brace up and play the game. Say, I've got to get out of town to-night. When do I get the rest of these signals?"

"I'll send them."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Morning?"

"Yes."

"Don't fail."

"No danger."

"All right; send them to me. I've had to lay mighty low in this town so that I would not be seen by Merriwell. I don't care to meet him just now."

"I don't blame you!" exclaimed Tod. "He's got it in for you if he ever does meet you."

"Oh, I'm prepared!" declared Kennedy, his hand

going round to his hip pocket and bringing out a revolver. "I can shoot the thing, too. I wouldn't let him down me without getting a bullet or two into him."

"Then I wish you might meet!" declared Hubbard, hotly. "If I'd known——"

"You'd tried to arrange a meeting, eh?"

"I might have done something of the sort," was the confession.

"Well, it's a good thing you didn't know," said Kennedy, as he restored the revolver to his pocket. "I'll be going. I'll follow the shore back to town, so none of the academy fellows will see me."

They parted, and Tod struck back for the academy. Fred Kennedy passed the rocks behind which Dick Merriwell crouched and sauntered slowly along the winding shore that led toward the village.

The sinking sun burnished the rippling water, and the spring-time air was soft and pleasant. Along the beach little waves lapped with a pleasant sound, and all the world seemed at peace.

But as Kennedy came round a point one-fourth of a mile from the place where he had met Hubbard by appointment he found himself face to face with Dick Merriwell!

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENCOUNTER ON THE BEACH.

Kennedy gasped, stopped short and flung his hand round to his hip.

"Don't try it!" rang out Dick's clear voice, and the eyes of the cool youth were flashing. "Don't try to pull that gun, for if you do——"

"What?" sneered Kennedy, as he flashed forth the glittering weapon.

Through the air flew a round stone Dick had held in his hand. Knowing Kennedy was armed with a revolver, the boy had dared face him in that manner, with nothing more than a stone in each hand.

Straight as a bullet flew the stone, striking the man full in the breast and knocking him backward.

The revolver flew from his hand and fell on the

rocks and sand of the beach, while Kennedy toppled over.

Dick leaped forward.

Although knocked down in that manner, Kennedy managed to scramble toward the revolver and catch it up.

Dick was two jumps away when the man flung up the weapon, pointing it square at the oncoming boy.

Crack!

A spout of fire leaped from the mouth of the pistol, but not till the weapon had been struck by the toe of Dick's boot.

Over the head of the man, who sprawled on the sand, the revolver flew, while Dick felt the deadly breath of the bullet that brushed his cheek.

Then the lad, his face deathly pale, and his eyes filled with a terrible light, launched himself upon his enemy.

* * * * *

It was nearly an hour later that Fred Kennedy came dragging himself painfully up to the Fardale House, where he had registered under a false name. He was a total wreck. His clothes were torn and soaking wet, while his face was battered and bruised, one eye was closed and purple and the other was cut and bleeding.

"For the love of mercy!" exclaimed the clerk. "What is the matter, Mr. Cook? Have you been in a fight?"

"I was attacked while walking on the beach by a ruffian and nearly murdered," declared Kennedy. "For Heaven's sake, give me a drink!"

"Attacked by a ruffian? What sort of a ruffian?"

The wretched rascal hesitated, and then, his pride getting him in its grasp, he quickly said:

"A strapping fellow, more than six feet tall. He had the strength of Samson. I fought him desperately, but it was no use. He ended by flinging me into the water, and here I am, more dead than alive."

"Did he rob you?"

"No."

"Why did he attack you?"

"I don't know."

"Must have been drinking. Likely it was one of those tough sailors from The Harbor. Did he look like a sailor?"

"I think so."

"Those fellows ought to be cleaned out! They're a disgrace to this town!"

"Pretty soon they'll kill somebody outright," said Kennedy. "A common man has no show with a giant like the fellow who jumped on me. Why, he took me before I had time to do a thing. Do give me a drink—do!"

He was given the drink, and then he asked them to call in a doctor, who soon appeared and patched him up, although he presented a wretched appearance. He described with great fluency and an air of minute accuracy his imaginary assailant, and told a thrilling story of the encounter, claiming that he had given the ruffian battle, although taken by surprise and at a great disadvantage.

Having paid his bill at the hotel, he left Fardale that night.

And he congratulated himself that Dick Merriwell had not discovered the cause of his visit to the place, and that he carried with him information concerning the signal code of the cadets that would make them easy prey for the "Springvale nine."

But his heart was bitter toward Dick Merriwell, whom he swore to injure some day in retaliation.

* * * * *

The boys were still practicing on the field when Dick appeared. He came up briskly, looking as neat and trim as usual. No one could have suspected from his personal appearance that he had lately been engaged in a desperate encounter with an armed enemy.

"Hello, pard!" said Buckhart. "Didn't know as you would get round at all to-night."

"Well, what in the world is that fellow doing on second base?" asked Dick, in amazement, for Obediah Tubbs was covering that bag, looking huge as a mammoth, his face flushed and his general aspect being one of perspiring excitement.

"He wanted to go out while Darrell was pitching," explained Brad, "and we let him do it. Say, pard, you should see that blamed idiot play ball! It is better than a monkey show."

"He's too big to play ball," said Dick. "This is no time for fooling."

"Too big, is he?" exclaimed Brad. "Well, you just keep watch. We're doing some batting and base running. Keep your eye on Obediah Tubbs, and I opine he'll surprise you a right good bit."

Just then a batter sent a hot grounder down between first and second. It did not seem possible for the fat boy to touch it, but he fell over his feet and

managed to stop it by dropping on it. Then he rolled over on his back, and, lying thus, with his feet toward first, threw the ball into the baseman's hands in time to get the runner.

"Gol darn my picter!" he squeaked. "I thought I'd lost it that time. But it's mighty hard to git a ball past me. I kin stop the darned old things somehow, you bet yer back teeth!"

Dick frowned and said nothing.

As base running, as well as batting was being practiced, the runner remained on first, with a coacher on the line to send him to second.

Darrell whistled a ball over the plate, but it was low, and the fellow on first fancied he had a start that would let him down to second, so he scooted.

Buckhart picked the ball off the ground, straightened up and threw straight at second base, although it was not covered by the fat boy.

But Obediah made two amazingly agile jumps and caught the ball, turning quickly as the runner came sliding feet first toward him and yelling for him to look out for spikes.

Down onto the sliding base-runner dropped Tubbs, pinning him fast with the ball, so that his feet were yet some distance from the bag. It was a clean out, for the wind was knocked out of the runner, and there was no possible chance for uncertainty in regard to the decision.

"Got ye, by gravy!" squealed the fat boy. "I knowed I could do it! I'm a little bit rusty, but I'll spruce up arter I git inter gear, an' I'm goin' ter show you folks some of the hottest baseball you ever seed in your blessed lives. I jest be!"

"What do you think of that, Dick?" asked Brad.

"He tumbled all over himself," said Dick.

"But he gets there, as sure as shooting. And he isn't afraid of spikes or anything else. A runner can't knock him over."

Still, Dick could hardly believe Obediah capable of playing anything like real baseball. The fellow was a perfect clown, and his amazing awkwardness seemed to make it certain that he would be a blunderheels in a game.

However, not a bad break did Obediah make while playing second. He went at his work awkwardly and lumberingly, but everything was done in such a manner that it counted in the result, and counted in favor of the fat boy.

When the practice was nearly over Obediah called

for a chance to bat. He came in and stood up to the plate in the worst possible form. He slashed at the first ball and missed it by a foot. The second one was bad, and he struck at that.

"He can't bat," thought Dick.

Then a low ball came over, and Obediah met it with the bat, picked it up and lined it thirty feet beyond the farthest fielder.

"That's the way I do it, gol dern my picter!" he squawked, as he lumbered down to first base.

He kept on for second, and the fielder who had secured the ball threw to cut him off.

"Slide!" was the cry.

Forward Obediah flung himself, his heels going up in the air, while he seemed to slide over the ground on his chin.

The crowd shouted with laughter, but the fat boy reached the base in safety.

By this time Dick Merriwell realized that there was something peculiar about the luck of the fat boy, who, for all of his awkwardness and his blundering, had a way of "getting there," as Buckhart expressed it.

When practice was over, Obediah came sweating and panting up to Dick.

"Guess you'd better git me onto your old baseball team jest as quick as you know how, captain," he grinned. "You need me mighty bad, fer I'm the real hot stuff—I be! Did you see me make that slide? Wasn't it a bird? Only trouble was I broke one of them blisters made on my stomach by them hot pies t'other night. Jimminy! but ain't I hungry. I don't believe I'll ever git enough to eat round this place."

"You did well," laughingly agreed Dick. "We'll consider your application for membership on the team."

Dick did consider it. Somehow, Obediah reminded him of Hans Dunnerwust, and Frank had considered Hans good enough for his team. Hans had a happy way of making blunders which turned out fortunately, and Obediah did the same, in practice at least.

But there were other matters on Dick's mind. He had not intimated to Kennedy that he knew why the fellow was in Fardale, for he had a plan which he believed would quite upset the plans of his enemies.

Hubbard did not even know of Dick's encounter with Kennedy, and so, of course, he could not dream

that young Merriwell had discovered his treachery to Fardale.

The Sword of Damocles was hanging over Big Wolf, the rascally, treacherous leader of the Wolf Gang.

Some day Dick would sever the hair, and the sword would fall.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTHING TO NOTHING.

After arriving in Fardale on the day of the game, the "Springvale" team kept out of sight as much as possible until the time came to appear on the ball ground in sight of the academy.

By that time a great crowd of spectators had gathered, for the wonderful record of the Fardale nine had aroused intense interest and enthusiasm.

Fardale was getting the baseball craze in earnest.

Every player on the home team was cheered, but when cheers were proposed for Captain Merriwell the crowd thundered its wildest admiration. Over and over the people cheered. Over and over they roared out that Dick was all right.

Then came the so-called Springvale team.

Now, by putting two and two together, Dick Merriwell had figured out the truth in regard to this team, and he was not surprised in the least when he saw that, with the single exception of Seaton, all the players of the U. A. A. were represented.

Manager Creel, who was manager in name only, coolly sought Dick out and made himself known, asking for information concerning ground rules.

Dick looked him over sharply, a faint sarcastic smile curling his fine lips.

"How long since you organized your team, Mr. Creel?" he asked.

"Only a few days," was the prompt answer.

"I presume not. It seems to me that I have seen this same team under quite another name."

"That's all right," returned Creel, not in the least disturbed. "I took eight of the nine Uniontown men over onto Springvale. I thought it would be better at this point in the season than to pick up all new men on a chance."

"Very clever of you! But the trick is too thin, sir. I saw through it some time ago."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. I knew you meant to bring this team here, in order that Uniontown might even up the score. I presume you feared we would cancel the game if we found it out. You were quite mistaken, sir. We propose to give you satisfaction, but in the future we will have no dealings with Uniontown and the U. A. A."

"That's nothing to me," declared Creel. "We're here to beat you to-day, and we're going to do it."

"Really?"

"Yes, we're going to beat you so hard that you'll be looking for a hole to crawl into. You're going to have the worst trimming of your lives."

"Very well," smiled Dick. "But I think you have made a big mistake. You may find that we know some other things before the game is over."

"Well, what's the use to chew the rag! Let's get down to business. You say you're not going to back out of playing, even though it's a settled thing before we begin that you're beaten?"

"Fardale is not in the habit of taking back water."

Then they spoke of ground rules, which Dick curtly explained, and the preliminary practice began.

In practice, the Springvale team seemed superior to Dick's team. They were old stagers, and they could do all sorts of fancy stunts on the diamond.

The Fardale crowd on the bleachers sang and cheered.

At last the time for the game to begin arrived, and out onto the field trotted the Fardale boys in their now soiled, worn and far-from-handsome suits. In the past those suits had been new and handsome, but that was before Dick Merriwell came to Fardale. And in those days the wearers of those suits had gone down in defeat. When the present season opened the same old suits had been used for economy's sake, and now they were covered with glory. And the boys would not think of having new suits during the season, as they fancied such a change might "break their luck."

The Springvale players were adorned in new gray suits, for they had fancied it would be bad policy to appear in the regular suits of the U. A. A. They looked very handsome and neat in comparison with the Fardale boys.

The captains had given to the scorer their batting orders, which were as follows:

SPRINGVALE

Durkee, l. f.
Creel, 1b.
Drake, r. f.
McElroy, 3b.
Chase, c. f.
Anson, 2b.
Ince, c.
Loppinger, s. s.
Tole, p.

FARDALE.

Darrell, p.
Kent, l. f.
Singleton, 1b.
Buckhart, c.
Merriwell, 2b.
Jolliby, c. f.
Douglass, r. f.
Smart, s. s.
Bradley, 3b.

The fact that Fardale had placed their pitcher first on the batting list caused the visitors to smile at their greenness; but Dick was simply following out his policy of changing his men about as little as possible. Darrell was usually the first batter, and Captain Merriwell had not seen fit to move him.

In fact, Hal doubted if he could stay in the box against the visiting team. He had been anxious to pitch until he discovered that he was up against U. A. A. under another name, and then he wished to play his old position on second.

Dick, however, urged Hal to go up against the confident and tricky chaps from Uniontown.

"If we give you as good support as I got in Uniontown, you will hold them down," Dick declared. "I must save myself for our next regular game."

Springvale showed disappointment when Darrell entered the box.

"Frightened Merriwell out!" cried McElroy. "He knew he'd get his medicine to-day, and he'd rather another chap should take it."

"We'd bat him out of the box in short order to-day," said Drake.

Then Ince chimed in:

"Let's bat this fellow out, and then they'll have to stick Merriwell in. We'll give them both their medicine."

Now, the Fardale crowd did not like this sort of talk, and they opened up with hisses, groans and cat-calls.

"You're a lot of bluffs!" cried Toby Kane. "But the bluff game does not go with Fardale, as you've found out. You have to play ball to win."

"We'll give you plenty of ball playing to-day," averred Loppinger. "Just keep your eyes on us."

This added to the taunting of the cadets, who had taken a strong dislike to the visitors.

In fact, feeling between the two teams ran high,

for U. A. A. had been very sore over their defeat at the hands of the Fardale boys, which they regarded as a disgrace.

In the crowd of spectators were two men who had appeared in Fardale ahead of the visitors and gone about speaking derisively of the home team and telling how severely it would be whipped by the Springvale aggregation. They had given their names as Ben Benson and Tim Lawrence, and they offered to bet all kinds of money when any one ventured to disagree with them.

Now, the good people of Fardale, who knew Frank Merriwell well and admired his brilliant young brother, were not the kind to be driven into their boots by two blatant strangers, and the result had been all kinds of bets, from five to fifty dollars.

Therefore, the citizens who turned out to witness the game had a powerful interest in the home team.

This being the case, there was much disappointment when Dick sent Darrell into the box.

The betting strangers were in the crowd. Both were bearded men, rather rough in appearance, and more than one villager had suspected that their beards were false and their rough ways assumed.

On the bench were two reserve players.

And one of them was Obediah Tubbs, who had been permitted to sit on the bench because he begged to do so, saying he would give the home team luck.

"Gol darn my picter! it'll jest do you good to see me up there," he had grinned. "I've got a suit that will do all right, so don't bother about me."

Obediah was chaffed more or less by the spectators, but he didn't seem to mind that at all.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire.

Durkee selected his bat and walked out.

A bunch of Uniontown rooters, who had accompanied the visitors to witness their success in "putting it all over" Fardale, broke loose with the cheer of U. A. A.

"That's right; show your true colors!" muttered Brad Buckhart, as he adjusted his mask and catching mitt.

"Get the first man, Hal!" cried Dick, cheerfully.

"He's a snap!" came from Singleton.

"E's dead heasy," sang out Billy Bradley.

"Oh, I know he'll hit the ball a mile!" chattered Ted Smart. "I know he'll put it into the woods! I'm so frightened!"

"Cut the plate, Darrell," advised Kent, away out in left.

"You'll fuf-fuf-find us behind ye," cried Jolliby, from center field.

"Burn their whiskers off," urged Douglass, from right garden.

"Pard, put her there!" sang out Buckhart, holding up his big mitt. "You sure can drive her into that every time. There's a heap of ginger in your arm, and they can't touch it."

"Whoop!" roared a voice, as Bar Z Jim, mounted on a vicious-eyed little broncho, and wearing his cowboy outfit from head to heels, including leather "chaps" on his legs, rode up to the ropes near first base. "This sure is what I came all the way from Texas to behold! Open up thar, youngster, an' shoot 'em over the old stewpan so rapid an' so crooked that he'll sartin' think chain lightnin' has broke loose! I don't know much about this yere game, but I'll bet my saddle the kids chaw up them fellers in the handsome new suits."

Thus encouraged, Hal delivered the first ball, which proved to be high and wide.

Buckhart shot into the air and stopped it with his mitt, catching the ball as he dropped back to the ground.

"Wow!" came from the cowboy on horseback; "will you look at that! Quicker'n a goat on his feet, that boy is. He'll sartin' show ye a few things to-day."

The next one was over the plate, and Durkee struck at it, but did not touch it.

Jim whooped with still greater delight.

But Durkee was a good hitter, and he did not miss the next one. He lined it out, and it looked like a beautiful hit.

Jolliby's long legs carried him over the ground at great speed, and, while on the dead jump, he caught the ball with one hand.

It was an out.

The squeal of delight from the lips of the mounted cowboy was drowned by a great roar from the cadets.

It was a most spectacular catch.

Obediah Tubbs jumped up from the bench, slapping his leg with his cap and squealed joyously.

"Dern my picter! if that ain't playin' ball right off the reel!" he piped.

"You found him, Durkee," said Creel.

"That's all right!" came from the spectators. "Now, you find him, and somebody will take care of you the same way."

Creel pranced up to the plate, his face wearing a most determined expression.

Then Darrell, encouraged by the manner in which Jolliby had raked in that fly, and remembering how the team had played behind Dick at Uniontown, proceeded to strike Creel out.

This filled the spectators with renewed joy.

The players behind Hal were talking to him and encouraging him all the time. He had been shaking a little at first, but the sound of their voices steadied his nerves, and he smiled into the face of Drake, who scowled back at him.

Drake was one of the heavy hitters on the team, and he had a good eye, so he was able to force Hal to put the ball over, refusing to wiggle the bat at one that was not right.

At last, when Hal did put it over, he hit it hard.

The ball went far into left field.

Running away from the home plate at full speed, Kent looked round and saw the ball coming down over his shoulder. He thrust up his hands and took it, at the same moment going head over heels. When he sat up, however, he held the ball up with one hand, having gripped it fast from the moment it struck in his hands.

It was another brilliant play, and the cadets broke loose with cheer after cheer.

As Kent came in from the field, Dick Merriwell was on hand to congratulate him.

But Darrell was strangely white.

"Two of those chaps hit me hard," he said. "It was great work that kept both of those hits from counting against us. If that keeps up, they'll hammer me."

"Don't talk like that after three men straight were retired!" exclaimed Dick. "I'd like to know what more any one could ask."

But Hal lacked confidence in himself, and Dick was a little worried about it.

Hal was the first batter.

Tole looked at him with a stare that was almost hypnotic, and then swung his long arms and whistled the ball over.

Darrell put up a high foul.

Ince ripped off his mask and planted himself under the ball, which he smothered as it came down.

Darrell cast aside his bat in disgust, for it seemed to him that he had not been given a chance.

Kent was the next hitter, and he came up breathing rather heavily from his recent hard run in the field.

Tole had Don's measure pretty well down, and Kent knew it, so he forced the pitcher to put one over, and bunted it, beating the ball to first by hot sprinting.

"Oh, what's the use to try to play ball against these fellows?" cried Smart, as he ran down to the coaching line near first. "We haven't a show! We may as well give up now! Don't try to steal second. Kent! Lie down on first! It's all over! Big Bob can't hit the ball! Don't play off—don't! Stick close to your base! We don't want to win this game! We wouldn't win it if we could!"

Crack! Big Bob lined it out.

Kent ran down toward second, and paused to see if the ball was caught.

The fielder missed it, and then Kent took a desperate chance, for he tried to make third, keeping straight on over second.

Durkee was the man after the ball, and he got it quickly.

Seeing Kent making for third, Durkee drove the ball to McElroy.

The third-baseman got it in time to "nail" it onto the runner, who tried to slide under.

"Out!" was the decision of the umpire.

"Ain't it a shame, a measly shame!" sang the bleachers.

Singleton, however, had gone to second on the throw to third.

Now Buckhart came up.

"I allow he'll sure hit it some," said Bar Z Jim. "Look out for fireworks now."

Brad did hit it, driving a lively one into right garden.

Singleton had a good lead from second, and he tried to score on the hit.

Drake, however, had a good "wing" on him, and he made a handsome throw to the plate.

The catcher put the ball onto Big Bob, and the home team was out.

Neither side had scored in the first inning.

CHAPTER IX.

HOLDING THE LEAD.

Some captains would have given a call down to players getting out by taking such long chances.

Not so Dick Merriwell.

He had coached his men to take just such chances.

Not that he wished them to run foolishly when there was no show of making anything, but he was satisfied that many a game is lost by the losing side failing to take advantage of every chance on the bases.

Especially did he believe this true when a team could not hit a pitcher hard and safely.

And he knew Tole was a hard pitcher to hit safely, therefore it was necessary to make the most of every chance.

So Dick had no words of reproof for either Kent or Singleton, but was very cheerful as he trotted out with his players.

In the second inning Darrell was rather wild, and gave two bases on balls. For all of that, he did not let the visitors get a safe hit, and the last man was retired with a runner on third, anxiously waiting an opportunity to come home.

"Doing finely, old man!" smiled Dick, as he trotted up to Hal and walked in with him.

"But I thought I was up in a balloon that time," confessed the pitcher. "I would have been if Ince hadn't fanned at a bad one on the third strike."

Dick led off at bat, and he bunted the first ball Tole pitched. By fast running, he reached first safely.

Then he stole second on the first ball pitched to Jolliby, who was compelled to let it pass, as he had received a signal that Dick would try to steal.

The catcher seemed badly rattled for some reason, failing to throw quick enough to catch Dick going to second, although he seemed to have time.

Tole also looked puzzled, calling Ince down.

"There is something wrong," he said, in a low tone.

"Sure thing," said Ince. "He signaled for the batter to hit it out. I didn't look for an attempt to steal, and so I didn't get the throw off in time to catch him."

"There's something the matter all round," muttered Tole. "What good is it to know Merriwell's signs, if he does not pitch."

"No good."

"Not a bit. And we'll have to watch sharp about the base-running signals. I think they have been changed."

While this talk was being made the cadets on the bleachers were singing "Fair Fardale."

Bar Z Jim looked happy.

"This yere game of baseball seems to be some expert," he observed to a bystander. "It takes right lively galoots to up and play it to the limit."

Tole resumed his position, looking round at Dick to make sure he was not too far from the bag.

He was just in time to see Dick again give the "hit-and-run" signal.

This led Tole to believe Jolliby would swing hard on the ball.

But, instead of that, the lanky batter bunted.

Once more pitcher and catcher were taken by surprise. Before they could recover, Jolliby had raced down to first and Dick was safely on third.

Now a score seemed certain for the home team, as no man was out, and the bleachers were very noisy.

Tole shook his head in disgust.

But in the crowd of spectators were two men, who had given their names as Ben Benson and Tim Lawrence, and they were more disgusted than anybody.

"This signal business doesn't seem to work right, Kennedy," said the one known as Benson.

"Hardly right, Dodge," admitted Lawrence. "What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid we've been played for suckers."

"How?"

"Why, the signal code you obtained from Hubbard was a fake. It was not the real code."

"If that's the case, we're in a bad box."

Indeed, the rascals were worried, for they had fancied success was certain with their knowledge of the Fardale signals, which had been taught the visiting team.

"They must bat Darrell out of the box," said Kennedy. "I want to see Merriwell in there. I want to see him giving signals. Then we'll soon find out if we've been fooled."

"If we have——"

"We can't do a thing, unless we can catch Mr. Hubbard alone."

"If we catch him——"

"We'll do something to Hubbard!"

"You bet!"

Now, Tod Hubbard himself was beginning to get worried, for he saw the signals were not working just right, for some reason. He had also found out that for the last two days, the signal practice of the home team had been carried on in secret. Now, all at once, he feared something had happened to cause a change in the signal code.

Of course, Jolliby scooted for second the moment Tole started to pitch the ball.

Ince made a fake throw to shortstop, but Merriwell simply laughed, as the trick was too old for him to be caught with it.

As Douglass came up, he was seen to look at Dick, who gave a signal.

The Springvale players read the signal to mean, "bunt toward first."

Such a play would give Dick a chance to score, as he kept a sharp lead off third all the time.

But, to the amazement of the visitors, Douglass lifted a fly into center field.

Dick held to the bag and ran the instant the fly was caught by Chase.

Chase tried to throw home, but the ball came in on the bound, and Dick scored.

By this time the visitors were beginning to understand that they could not depend at all on the base-running and batting signals of the home team, and they were very much disgusted. They had worked hard to become familiar with all those signals, expecting to have an easy time with the cadets, and now they saw all their labor wasted.

The cadets roared with delight as Dick came home, and Obediah Tubbs stood on his head near the bench, waving his fat legs in the air.

But right there the scoring ceased for that inning, as Tole disregarded all signals by the cadets and steamed up in such a manner that Smart and Bradley quickly fell victims to his cunning.

The visitors were desperate when they came to the bat. Tole led off with a safe hit, and Durkee followed with a scratch hit. Then Creel came up and drove Tole home with a two-bagger, landing Durkee on third.

And right there Darrell had his troubles, for, though he nearly threw his shoulder off, the Springvale men continued to hit, and four scores came in.

Then, of a sudden, Darrell could hardly throw the ball up to the plate. He had given his shoulder a wrench, and he was completely knocked out.

Dick saw it, and knew something must be done at once, so he sent Darrell to the bench.

But who could play second?

There was a great shout of surprise when Dick called Obediah Tubbs out from the bench and sent him down to second.

"Gol darn my picter!" squeaked the fat boy, as he spat on his hands and got into position. "This is jest the chanct I've bin lookin' fer. I'm hot stuff, I be!"

The bleachers sent up a groan, and the visitors shouted forth derisive laughter.

The idea that the big, lumbering fat boy could play baseball seemed perfectly ridiculous to almost everybody.

Dick had not warmed up, but he did not mind that. He was smiling and unruffled when he entered the box, although the bases were full.

Dick assumed a position in the box that seemed to say he would use the jump ball.

That was expected, and the batter was ready to make an allowance for it.

When the ball was delivered, however, it was a drop, and the batter struck over it at least two feet.

"Ha!" cried the cadets on the bleachers.

Then Dick assumed another position, that seemed to indicate that he would throw a high inshoot.

It was an outcurve that passed over the plate.

"Two strikes!" cried the umpire, as the batter dodged back to avoid a ball that came nowhere near him.

The next was a strike-out, as the batter read Dick's signal to mean he would throw a drop, but the jump ball came over, instead.

It did not take Springvale long to learn that it knew absolutely nothing about Merriwell's signals.

After that the visitors paid no attention to the matter of signals on the other side.

But there was no further scoring in the third inning.

However, the inning ended with the score four to one in favor of the visiting team, and they were jubilant, believing that lead quite enough to clinch the game. To them it did not seem possible that Fardale would be able to make enough runs to even up.

Nor did it seem so to others, as inning after inning slipped by and the score remained the same.

Both pitchers were doing remarkable work, and it seemed that the game had been thrown away by putting Darrell in at the start.

"We've won out, all right," said Dave Dodge, as the seventh inning began; "but it was not through knowing their signals. It's plain we'd been beaten if they had used Merriwell in the box from the start. That fellow Hubbard fooled us."

"And I'd like to get my hands on him!" grated Kennedy. "I'd make him look like thirty cents!"

"He'll keep out of our way, you can bet on that. Merriwell is going to be pretty sore when this game is finished."

"Confound him!" grated Kennedy, remembering his rough treatment at Dick's hands not many days before. "I wish he had money up on the game!"

Dodge laughed behind his false beard.

"You'll still feel that you owe him something after the game is over?"

"Will I? You bet your life! And I'm going to square it some day, if I live long enough."

Hubbard was searching for Kennedy, and he came through the crowd and stood near the two men.

"Here he is!" whispered Fred, in the ear of Dodge. "This is the sneak Hubbard, who fooled us!"

"Where?"

"Close to my left."

"Freckle-faced fellow?"

"Yes."

"He looks mean enough to do anything."

"I'm going to hit him!"

"No!"

"I've got to do it!"

"Hold on, you idiot! If you hit him, we'll get into trouble. They may mob us, and that beard will come off your face. Merriwell will get his eyes on you."

That held Kennedy in check, although he longed to strike Hubbard, whom he regarded as a cheat.

Springvale's first half did not net them any runs, and the home team came to bat, with Bradley up first.

"Hi'm going to 'it hit this time," declared Billy, as he selected a bat. "Hi ain't made a blooming base 'it to-day, don't you know! Hit's 'igh time for me to do something."

"Lam the darn old thing a mile," urged Obediah Tubbs. "I foller ye, an' I'll knock the kiver off."

This caused the Springvale crowd to laugh derisively.

However, Bradley got a safe hit.

Then Tubbs toddled out to the plate, having selected the heaviest bat he could find.

Tole sent over one with such speed that it seemed to burn the air.

Obediah struck at it with such violence that his feet flew from under him, and he struck flat on his back, the breath going out of his fat body in a great grunt.

How the crowd shouted! It seemed very funny. Obediah sat up, grinning broadly.

"Jewhillikins!" he squeaked. "I bet I made a dent in the ground! I struck purty hard."

"Did it ju-ju-ju-jar ye?" inquired Jolliby.

Obediah got up with difficulty.

"If I ever hit the old thing you won't find it fer a week," he declared.

But when he struck at the next one the bat flew from his hands and went whizzing out toward third base, causing McElroy to dodge.

"This is awful!" said Creel. "If he doesn't kill himself, he'll be sure to kill somebody else."

"Don't you worry none about that," said Obediah. "I'm goin' to rap that old ball before this game is over."

Tole regarded Tubbs as a snap, and that may have led him to relax somewhat. Be that as it may, the fat boy met the ball fairly next time, and it was an awful crack. The ball shot off the bat like a bullet from a gun, and away tore Obediah, with a shrill squeal of delight.

Now, Bradley was not a bad runner, and he did his best round the line of the bases, for the coaches were howling for him to "dig." But when he passed over third and raced for home it was amazing to see that Obediah Tubbs was almost at his heels. Run! Why, the fat boy almost flew over the ground! The sight of such speed from him amazed everybody.

They could not stop Obediah on third. He was determined to make a home run of it.

And he did, for he flung himself forward in a feet-first slide, and across the base he scooted, flat on his back. There he lay on the rubber when Ince tagged him with the ball.

But, although this terrible home-run drive had let in two runs, Springvale held the lead by one score.

CHAPTER X.

BAR Z JIM BREAKS LOOSE.

It was the first of the ninth, and Springvale was working hard to add to its lead of one run. Sacrifice hitting and an error had permitted them to get a runner to third with two men out.

Then McElroy, the star hitter of the team, came up to the plate.

By this time the entire team had learned to disregard signals by the Fardale players, having found that they knew nothing whatever about them.

But McElroy was a shrewd fellow, and he found a ball to his liking, which he drove along the ground toward right field. It was a hot one, and seemed perfectly safe.

Somehow Obediah Tubbs managed to get a hand on the ball, but he went rolling end over end, and the runner came prancing home from third, while Springvale howled with joy.

When Obediah finally came to a full stop he lay on the ground flat on his back, with his feet toward second base and his head toward first.

"Catch!" he squealed.

Quick as a flash, he tossed the ball over his head toward first.

It struck Singleton's big mitt just before the foot of the runner struck the bag.

"Out!" declared the umpire, and the astonished spectators gasped, then broke into a roar.

Dick patted Obediah on the back as they came in from the field.

"You're a dandy!" he said.

"Thankee!" grinned the fat boy. "I guess I be! But I'm awful hungry! This playin' baseball makes me hungry an' tired."

When he reached the home plate, one of the cadets came out with something done up in brown paper.

It proved to be a whole pie.

When Obediah saw that pie, he laughed with satisfaction.

"Here's where I git in some good work," he observed, as he bit a piece out of the pie about as large as a man's hand.

"Batter up!" called the umpire. "Who is the batter?"

"Tubbs!" called the scorer.

"Great ginger!" squawked Obediah. "Do let me eat my pie. I'm 'most perishin' of hunger—I be!"

But he was compelled to walk out to the plate. He did so slowly, stuffing himself with as much of the pie as possible. Finding he could not eat it all, he thrust part of it inside his shirt.

"It ain't hot enough to do any hurt this time, by Jim!" he grinned. "An' I ain't goin' to lose it."

Then he clipped off a fine single that landed him on first, where he produced the pie and resumed his attack upon it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," called Ted Smart, from the coaching line, "here you behold the wonder of the world—the remarkable living skeleton. To him food of all kinds is a deadly poison. Pie he abhors. Cake makes him deathly ill. He lives on air, and weighs exactly forty-seven pounds. Gaze on him, ladies and gentlemen, and behold the marvel of the twentieth century."

"You go set down!" cried Tubbs, with pretended anger, turning and throwing a small piece of the pie, which struck Ted in the right eye and spattered over the side of his face.

Everybody except Ted laughed.

In the meantime, Kent was listening to a whispered word from Dick Merriwell. Don tried to sacrifice Obediah along, but put up a little fly that was taken by Tole, and one man was out.

It was Fardale's last chance.

"To the stable! to the stable!" cried Creel, derisively. "Put Merriwell in his stall!"

Dick's face hardened, and he longed for another crack at the ball.

Singleton, however, only succeeded in driving straight into the hands of Anson.

Two men were out.

"It's all over but the shouting!" declared Creel, triumphantly.

Buckhart came up and waited. He longed to hit the ball, but he played a waiting game, and Tole, being afraid of him, gave him a base on balls.

Then it was Merriwell's turn, and all felt that the result of the game depended on what Dick would do.

Dick's face wore a resolute look, and Tole feared him quite as much as he had Buckhart. But he did not dare fill the bases by giving another "pass," and so he used all his skill to strike Dick out.

With two strikes and three balls called, Tole was compelled to put over a good one. He used great

speed, but Dick was not bothered in the least by speed.

Dick did not try to drive the ball far, but he picked an open spot in the field and drove for that. However, the speed of the ball and the firm manner in which it hit the bat contributed to make the hit a beautiful long drive.

Smart yelled like an Indian, and round the bases tore Tubbs and Buckhart.

It was a handsome two-bagger, and the game might have been won in that inning, if Buckhart had not tried to win it by coming home. The ball was returned to the plate, and the catcher put it onto Brad in time to put him out, leaving the score tied.

It was necessary to play an extra inning.

Springvale was desperate now.

By watching closely Creel had managed to learn Buckhart's signals, and he proceeded to give them to each batter who came up. Then it was that something happened to Dick. For the first time during the game three men got hits off him, although the third hit was a scratch, which left the bases filled.

Dick called Brad down and told him his signals were being read.

"Keep on giving them just the same," he said; "but really take the signals from me. I think that will fool them."

So it happened that the batters were sadly mixed up, for Buckhart's call for a drop was responded to by Dick signing that he would use a rise, or vice versa. And three batters fanned the air.

As Dick struck out the last man Bar Z Jim rode onto the diamond, yelling like an Indian and shooting into the air.

It was with great difficulty that they convinced him the game was not ended and induced him to leave the field clear for the players.

Now, the cadets were roaring madly from the bleachers, and Tole was attacked by a feeling that the game was lost. In spite of himself he could not throw the feeling off. When Jolliby got a two-bagger, Tole proceeded to "make an ascension." He

gave a base on balls and hit a man, following which Bradley came up and bunted toward first, letting Jolliby home with the winning run.

Then Bar Z Jim again rode onto the diamond, shooting as before, and this time no one interfered with him.

Following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Fardale	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	1-5
Springvale	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-4

When the game was over and the crowd taking its departure, Dick looked for Tod Hubbard. It was growing dark when two of the cadets came from the direction of the village, supporting between them a battered and pitiful-looking object. This object was Hubbard, his clothes torn, his face battered and bloody and his eyes sightless for the time being. He told a strange story of an encounter with two bearded men, one of whom had thrown into his eyes the liquid that blinded him, after which both set upon him, and beat and kicked him into insensibility.

Believing Hubbard had been punished enough, Dick contented himself by whispering in the fellow's ear:

"That was retributive justice! One of those men was the fellow to whom you gave the signal-code of the nine, which I changed throughout after your treacherous act. They thought you had deceived them, and that is why they attacked you. Your eyesight will come back, as mine did, but you'll not soon forget what your treachery cost you."

Hubbard groaned and covered his sightless eyes with his hands.

THE END.

THE NEXT NUMBER (323) WILL CONTAIN

Dick Merriwell's Confidence;

OR,

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.



NEW YORK, June 14, 1902.

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STREET & SMITH'S TIP TOP WEEKLY,
238 William St., New York City.

APPLAUSE.

NOTICE TO APPLAUSE CONTRIBUTORS.

In view of the fact that Tip Top is now receiving several thousand letters weekly, it is necessary that all letters to this column shall be concise and brief. The real art of letter writing consists in stating your views and opinions in well-chosen language and very tersely. For these reasons we request our contributors to express their sentiments in as few words as possible. Do not write more than 150 words. Show your art as a good letter writer.

I have been reading your Tip Top Weekly for more than two years, and find it the best paper of its kind ever published. Since Frank has found Dick, I can hardly wait until they are published. And now three cheers for Frank, Dick and all, and, wishing you the greatest success, I remain, your truly,
Cleveland, Ohio.

BENNIE SCHEFF.

Your eagerness to hear of the Merriwell boys' doings is very natural, and every one joins you in three cheers for them and their many friends.

I have never written to Tip Top before, but I am going to now, and not waste any more time in keeping my mouth closed. I think Tip Top is absolutely the finest five-cent magazine written, from a rhetorical standpoint, let alone the historical part of it. I do not have to go into detail expressing that, because every Tip Top reader understands and appreciates it. All of us know the history of Frank from the time he entered Fardale as a boy and graduated from Yale as the finest specimen of American manhood. I have read from No. 1 of the Tip Tops to the present number, and have never missed a week. Dick is O. K., and so is Bart Hodge. If I had G. W. McNeill here I would make him look like the proverbial two shillings and sixpence. Hoping to see this in the Applause Column, I remain, your sincere friend,
New York City.

STEPHEN P. HACKLEY.

You have given a very flattering tribute to Tip Top, and, as our heroes, Frank and Dick, find favor in every respect with all readers, we find nothing more to look for.

I write you to-day to let you know how much I like the Tip Top Weekly, which is the best one ever published. Thinking Dick the best model for any boy to follow, I am,
New York City.

S. S.

Yes, DICK MERRIWELL is a splendid model for any American boy.

In No. 316 Joe Williamson wants Ted Smart to go "to the extreme rear and be seated." What is his reason for this? Isn't Ted brave? When Dick and Ted were set upon by the ruffians in the old hut Ted didn't stand and fight; oh, no! He ran away and left Dick alone. I don't think! When Darkmore set the hut on fire did Ted squeal? Of course not; because he is not made of that

kind of stuff. Can he be quieted? After Darrel brought them out of the hut and Ted regained consciousness, did he complain of being sick? No; he started out with his way of talking which shows that he is a jolly good fellow. Perhaps Williamson thinks he is too smart. If he does, the chances are ten to one he would like to be smart himself. Being outdone by Ted, he is jealous of him. In conclusion, any one who wants Bart or Ted put out had better take something for their liver, as it is out of order. Wishing the best of luck to Bart, Ted, Burt L., and S. & S.

Butte, Mont.

THE CHAMPION OF BART AND TED.

Glad to hear from such an enthusiastic admirer of Bart and Ted. Little Ted is a jimdandy, and don't let any believe that he isn't. He's pure gold and a yard wide.

I am delighted at the outcome of the Elsie-Inza question. A word about Dick. He is the real thing and Hal is another. Bart, Brad, Ted and Scudder are stanch and true, and worthy of Dick's friendship. I hope Dick gets Doris, and it would be nice if Hal would fall in love with Felicia, as she is a jewel, and I'd love to see Brad get the dashing Zona, but of course Mr. Standish is writing the book, and knows what is the best for our favorites. Although I am a young business woman, I always have an hour to spare for Tip Top. Wishing Burt L. Standish as much success in the future as he has had in the past, I sign myself, B's G. D.

New York City.

We are glad to have you so well pleased with the course of events in Tip Top. As you say, Dick is the real thing, and you will surely find nothing but profit and pleasure in reading about him in your spare moments. Good luck to you.

I have been reading your valuable Tip Top Weekly for a long time, and I can truthfully say that it has not an equal. I am an ardent admirer of Dick Merriwell, and I hope that something will happen soon in which Dick will show a preference for Doris, for I am struck on her. I hope Dick and his worthy friends will have a jolly vacation this summer. Hoping to see this in print.

Boston, Mass.

A. BOSTON ADMIRER.

Being an ardent admirer of DICK MERRIWELL, we congratulate you most heartily. As for the summer vacation, just keep your eyes on the boys and you will follow them through the liveliest, most exciting kind of a season. This we more than gently murmur.

I have just finished reading the Applause Column in No. 316, and I see two more fellows who are trying to run down Bart Hodge. I am a constant reader of the Applause Column, but never before have I tried to express my indignation toward those who try to run down noble Bart. These two fellows seem to think Bart has tried to take Frank's life. If these two light-headed creatures can tell me where Bart tried to kill Frank, I will eat my new hat. They say that he tried to kill Frank more times than he tried to save him, but that is all rot. I say that the best way to deal with these two, as well as with G. W. McN., Hal Filbert and others, is not to notice their insane speeches.

Montello, Mass.

GEO. BENSON.

Dear Tip Topper, your new hat is sure to adorn your worthy head for still a long while, and we truly believe that you will never have occasion to embarrass your digestion with such stuff as new hats are made of, simply because we know and you know that Bart is Frank's good friend, and always will be.

I have been a constant reader of Tip Top, and am glad that everything has turned out right. Of Dick's friends, I like first Buckhart; next in succession, Don Kent, Singleton, Hal Darrel, Douglas, Smart and Billy Bradley. I like Billy because he is English, like myself, but am sorry he is thick-headed, as that may leave an impression that we are all the same. As to the girls, it is yet early to decide. I was an Inzalte in the old books, and now think Doris the girl for Dick, Felicia for Hal and Zona for Brad.

Worcester, Mass.

EDWARD PAYSON.

Glad you like the boys so well. They are a fine lot, and if Billy Bradley seems a little thick, remember he is sterling through and through.

This being the first time I have ever written I would like very much to enjoy the pleasure of seeing this in the Applause Column of the Tip Top Weekly. Dick is a capital fellow, so is the unbranded Maverick of the Rio Pecos, who is a great friend of Dick's; Ted Smart, Hal Darrell, Singleton, Savage, Scudder and many others of Dick's friends. Once more let me give three cheers for noble Bart. I remain,

NATHAN A. MORGAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

You know how to say the right thing about the right people. Everybody is shouting for DICK MERRIWELL and his friends, and the long cheer isn't long enough for them.

I have been a reader of your Tip Top from away back, and as I have never noticed any Jersey City correspondence, I thought it about time to write. I anxiously wait each Friday for the papers to arrive so I can get my Tip Top. I will close with best wishes for Frank, Dick, Bart and all their friends; also Street & Smith, and, last but not least, the best American author, Burt L. Standish.

Jersey City, N. J.

D. J. FARR.

We are delighted to count you among our constant readers. Best wishes for you.

I think Tip Top is the best paper published for boys, and has no rival. Frank is just the one to quiet Dick's quick temper, I should like to hear from Barney Molloy and Hans again.

West Medford, Mass.

HUBERT MOULTEN.

Tip Top is the best of its kind the world over. As you say, Frank's influence over Dick is bearing good fruit, and Dick's more impetuous nature is beginning to curb itself, giving promise of greater strength and force. You have by this time heard more of your old friends, Hans and Barney Molloy.

TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT



Here are the Scores for the Week:

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 11; Brakers, 2.
Crescent baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. Brakers baseball team—Dillon, p.; Black, c.; Cross, 1st b.; Mellon, 2d b.; Stanley, 3d b.; Noclik, s. s.; Edgerton, r. f.; Aldrich, c. f.; Allan, l. f.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 3; C. Stars, 0.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. C. Stars baseball team—Homer, p.; Mensey, c.; Wilinsky, 1st b.; Wood, 2d b.; Biles, 3d b.; Levand, s. s.; Pudovsky, r. f.; Sypher, c. f.; Prody, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 42; Holyokes, 4.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. Holyokes baseball team—Gould, p.; Day, c.; Golden, 1st b.; Roswell, 2d b.; Dubee, 3d b.; Bell, s. s.; Pike, r. f.; Doherty, c. f.; Berg, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 1; Rovers, 0.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. Rovers baseball team—Kay, p.; Bella, c.; Montor, 1st b.; Smart, 2d b.; Fitzsimons, 3d b.; Abbot, s. s.; Tice, r. f.; Tickle, c. f.; Portner, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 19; East Side A. C., 1.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. East Side A. C. baseball team—Kelly, p.; Conray, c.; Cohen, 1st b.; Crane, 2d b.; Chapin, 3d b.; Miers, s. s.; Turner, r. f.; Stewart, c. f.; Hudson, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Centrals (Mason City, Iowa), 28; Plumbers, 21.
Centrals baseball team—C. Dwan, p.; P. Campbell, c.; V. Nelbergall, 1st b.; G. Burmaster, 2d b.; W. O'Donnell, 3d b.; D. Dwan, s. s.; L. Nelson, r. f.; N. Demo, c. f.; J. Luchre, l. f. Plumbers baseball team—F. Daly, p.; F. Smith, c.; J. Mulgrew, 1st b.; D. Daly, 2d b.; J. Farrell, 3d b.; W. Daly, s. s.; J. Conley, r. f.; B. Higgins, c. f.; E. Purcel, l. f. Manager—D. Dwan.

Centrals (Mason City, Iowa), 24; Chicagos, 8.
Centrals baseball team—C. Dwan, p.; A. Leahman, c.; V. Nelbergall, 1st b.; P. Campbell, 2d b.; J. Farrell, 3d b.; D. Dwan, s. s.; E. McLaughlin, r. f.; N. Demo, c. f.; G. Burmaster, l. f. Chicagos baseball team—Lee, p.; L. Woisnack, c.; Griffin, 1st b.; J. Buchanan, 2d b.; F. Smith, 3d b.; E. Daly, s. s.; E. Leahman, r. f.; J. Callahan, c. f.; N. Rhoda, l. f. Manager—D. Dwan.

Clifton Jrs. (Vining, Kan.), 27; Mopacs, 1.
Clifton Jrs. baseball team—E. Rossman, p.; C. Cain, c.; C. Kadow, 1st b.; A. Hulit, 2d b.; C. Tucker, 3d b.; G. Hofer, s. s.; L. Tucker, r. f.; J. Welsh, c. f.; H. Cusac, l. f. Mopacs baseball team—J. Weeks, p.; M. Wixom, c.; J. Johnson, 1st b.; B. Boal, 2d b.; A. Peterson, 3d b.; A. Glasco, s. s.; L. Iman, r. f.; E. Thompson, c. f.; R. Raney, l. f. Manager—Art. Hulit.

Clifton Jrs. (Vining, Kan.), 9; C. R. A., 0.
Clifton Jrs. baseball team—G. Hofer, p.; C. Cain, c.; C. Kadow, 1st b.; A. Hulit, 2d b.; C. Tucker, 3d b.; L. Tucker, s. s.; R. Welsh, r. f.; E. Rossman, c. f.; H. Cusac, l. f. C. R. A. baseball team—A. Mitchell, p.; E. Short, c.; E. Ringer, 1st b.; E. Scott, 2d b.; D. Martin, 3d b.; R. Roberts, s. s.; L. Taylor, r. f.; H. Bonner, c. f.; T. Clarke, l. f. Manager—A. Hulit.

Clifton Jrs. (Vining, Kan.), 57; Scrubs, 4.
Clifton Jrs. baseball team—Arthur Hulit, p.; Chas. Cain, c.; Clarence Kadow, 1st b.; Eddie Short, 2d b.; Geo. Hofer, 3d b.; J. Welsh, s. s.; C. Tucker, r. f.; L. Tucker, c. f.; M. Cusac, l. f. Scrubs baseball team—H. Hamilton, p.; C. Buckles, c.; R. Welsh, 1st b.; G. Pence, 2d b.; M. Shafer, 3d b.; E. Sturm, s. s.; A. Abbott, r. f.; B. Hutchinson, c. f.; B. Conway, l. f. Manager—Arthur Hulit.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 12; Amateurs, 3.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—J. Frodema, p.; F. Gucwa, c.; C. Levering, 1st b.; J. Kennedy, 2d b.; M. Boran, 3d b.; D. Tardon, s. s.; W. Hobert, r. f.; W. Stone, c. f.; A. Lucas, l. f. Amateurs baseball team—Tobin, p.; Collins, c.; Teranvay, 1st b.; Connors, 2d b.;

Tasser, 3d b.; Carter, s. s.; Call, r. f.; Barton, c. f.; Dory, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Clifton Jrs. (Vining, Kan.), 20; Stars, 6.
Clifton Jrs. baseball team—Geo. Hofer, p.; J. Welsh, c.; E. Rossman, 1st b.; A. Hulit, 2d b.; C. Tucker, 3d b.; L. Tucker, s. s.; C. Cain, r. f.; C. Kadow, c. f.; H. Cusac, l. f. Stars baseball team—G. Hake, p.; B. Simpson, c.; Thomas, 1st b.; Buck, 2d b.; J. Best, 3d b.; Q. Lander, s. s.; R. Lawson, r. f.; C. Ross, c. f.; E. Wiest, l. f. Manager—Art. G. Hulit.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 15; Clippers, 6.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. Clippers baseball team—Gogle, p.; Hesser, c.; Teedale, 1st b.; Patterson, 2d b.; Price, 3d b.; Wilkinson, s. s.; Austin, r. f.; Quinlin, c. f.; Brooks, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Centrals (Dayton, Ohio), 16; Miami A. C., 0.
Centrals baseball team—Workmeister, p.; Sloan, c.; Hillian, 1st b.; Graves (capt.), 2d b.; Lydenburg, 3d b.; Laver, s. s.; Boerstler, r. f.; Bernard, c. f.; Anderson, l. f. Miami A. C. baseball team—Crane, p.; Miller, c.; Taylor, 1st b.; Graham, 2d b.; Falkner, 3d b.; Shaffer (capt.), s. s.; King, r. f.; Elwood, c. f.; Rice, l. f. Manager—H. A. Laver.

Centrals (Dayton, Ohio), 12; Champions, 2.
Centrals baseball team—Boerstler, p.; Sloan, c.; Gebhart, 1st b.; Graves (capt.), 2d b.; Lydenburg, 3d b.; Laver, s. s.; Workmeister, r. f.; Bernard, c. f.; Anderson, l. f. Champions baseball team—Crawford, p.; Kellogg, c.; English (capt.), 1st b.; Gardner, 2d b.; Lehman, 3d b.; Klienhart, s. s.; Will, r. f.; Raphier, c. f.; Schivley, l. f. Manager—H. A. Laver.

Centrals (Dayton, Ohio), 14; Central Jrs., 0.
Centrals baseball team—Boerstler, p.; Sloan, c.; Hillian, 1st b.; Graves (capt.), 2d b.; Lydenburg, 3d b.; Laver, s. s.; Boerstler, r. f.; Bernard, c. f.; Anderson, l. f. Central Jrs. baseball team—Graves (capt.), p.; Talbot, c.; Walcott, 1st b.; Mokley, 2d b.; Jacobs, 3d b.; Wise, s. s.; Friend, r. f.; Kelly, c. f.; Levy, l. f. Manager—H. A. Laver.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 18; Smashers, 0.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. Smashers baseball team—Pearl, p.; Morris, c.; Milton, 1st b.; Long, 2d b.; Ruffin, 3d b.; Jones, s. s.; Clark, r. f.; Hartman, c. f.; Jackson, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Crescent A. C. (Chicopee, Mass.), 32; P. H. Club, 0.
Crescent A. C. baseball team—Frodema, p.; Kennedy, c.; Levering, 1st b.; Tardon, 2d b.; Boran, 3d b.; Gucwa, s. s.; Hobert, r. f.; Stone, c. f.; Lucas, l. f. P. H. Club baseball team—Stewart, p.; Dunkle, c.; Collins, 1st b.; Kennedy, 2d b.; Mere, 3d b.; Wheaton, s. s.; Skutt, r. f.; Miller, c. f.; Melton, l. f. Manager—F. Gucwa.

Defenders (Brainerd, Ill.), 27; Broadway Sluggers, 0.
Defenders baseball team—F. Kolhas, p.; F. Miller, c.; V. McCarthy, 1st b.; V. Bertram (capt.), 2d b.; F. Nelson, 3d b.; J. Templeton, s. s.; N. Hills, r. f.; Willis, c. f.; L. Willis, l. f. Broadway Sluggers baseball team—Kreatze, p.; White, c.; Stallman, 1st b.; Lawrence, 2d b.; Thomas, 3d b.; J. McGivern, s. s.; B. McGivern, r. f.; Ponth, c. f.; Slanter, l. f. Manager—Nelson.

Belden Jrs. (Chicago, Ill.), 14; Burlings, 5.
Belden Jrs. baseball team—W. Bittner, p.; F. Secse, c.; W. Herzog, 1st b.; G. Vleberg, 2d b.; A. Harland, 3d b.; W. Schaefer, s. s.; G. Rosier, r. f.; W. Morris, c. f.; K. Harland, l. f. Burlings baseball team—A. Grenawald, p.; E. Nait, c.; H. Horner, 1st b.; G. Roberts, 2d b.; O. Roberts, 3d b.; W. Mueller, s. s.; C. Green, r. f.; A. Brophy, c. f.; T. Tenfold, l. f. Manager—W. Herzog.

Fardale (Washington, D. C.), 12; Scrubs, 9.
Fardale baseball team—J. Murphy, p.; G. Molloy, c.; T. Hurney, 1st b.; F. Parker, 2d b.; F. Sinclair, 3d b.; Jack Murphy, s. s.; F. Lynch, r. f.; H. Randall, c. f.; S. Lynch, l. f. Scrubs baseball team—G. McWade, p.; J. Bolac, c.; J. Widmire, 1st b.; C. Smith, 2d b.; L. Widmire, 3d b.; T. Hall, s. s.; R. Ruins, r. f.; B. Garrett, c. f.; L. Niernsee, l. f. Manager—S. Creig.

Fardale Stars (Washington, D. C.), 16; Olympia A. C., 8.
Fardale Stars baseball team—J. Murphy, p.; G. Molloy, c.; T. Hurney, 1st b.; F. Parker, 2d b.; F. Sinclair, 3d b.; Jack Murphy, s. s.; F. Lynch, r. f.; H. Randall, c. f.; S. Lynch, l. f. Olympia A. C. baseball team—F. Whitehead, p.; M. Sterwat, c.; Crowe, 1st b.; G. Honiker, 2d b.; D. Murphy, 3d b.; G. Leitz, s. s.; B. Porter, r. f.; M. Leitz, c. f.; B. Collier, l. f. Manager—S. Creig.

Fardale Stars (Washington, D. C.), 15; Cairo A. C., 13.
Fardale Stars baseball team—J. Murphy, p.; G. Molloy, c.; T. Hurney, 1st b.; F. Parker, 2d b.; F. Sinclair, 3d b.; J. Murphy, s. s.; F. Lynch, r. f.; S. Lynch, c. f.; H. Randall, l. f. Cairo A. C. baseball team—L. Briscoe, p.; N. Briscoe, c.; R. Sampson, 1st b.; F. Goode, 2d b.; C. Stephenson, 3d b.; H. Simpson, s. s.; C. Dugan, r. f.; F. Bovine, c. f.; J. Dugan, l. f. Manager—S. Creig.

Fardale Stars (Washington, D. C.), 8; Olympia A. C., 6.
Fardale Stars baseball team—G. Molloy, p.; J. Murphy, c.; T. Hurney, 1st b.; F. Parker, 2d b.; F. Sinclair, 3d b.; J. Murphy, s. s.; F. Lynch, r. f.; S. Lynch, c. f.; H. Randall, l. f. Olympia A. C. baseball team—F. Whitehead, p.; M. Sterwat, c.; H. Crowe, 1st b.; G. Honiker, 2d b.; D. Murphy, 3d b.; G. Leitz, s. s.; B. Porter, r. f.; M. Seitz, c. f.; B. Collier, l. f. Manager—S. Creig.

Fardale Stars (Washington, D. C.), 10; Scrubs, 9.
Fardale Stars baseball team—J. Murphy, p.; G. Molloy, c.; T. Hurney, 1st b.; F. Parker, 2d b.; F. Sinclair, 3d b.; J. Murphy, s. s.; F. Lynch, r. f.; H. Randall, c. f.; S. Lynch, l. f. Scrubs baseball team—G. McWade, p.; J. Bolac, c.; J. Widmire, 1st b.; C. Smith, 2d b.; C. Widmire, 3d b.; L. Hall, s. s.; R. Ruins, r. f.; B. Garrett, c. f.; L. Niernsee, l. f. Manager—S. Creig.

Chestnut Hill (Newton, Mass.), 10; Corner A. C., 9.
Chestnut Hill baseball team—C. Scott, p.; B. O'Kane, c.; B. Russell, 1st b.; F. Russell, 2d b.; B. Field, 3d b.; C. Meyer, s. s.; J. Daly, r. f.; W. Russell, c. f.; R. Hartley, l. f. Corner A. C. baseball team—W. Waters, p.; S. Graham, c.; Carleton, 1st b.; G. Lightfoot, 2d b.; J. Barry, 3d b.; R. Barry, s. s.; S. Rand, r. f.; D. Waters, c. f.; Carter, l. f. Manager—B. O'Kane.

Chestnut Hill (Newton, Mass.), 17; Juniors, 6.
Chestnut Hill baseball team—C. Scott, p.; B. O'Kane, c.; B. Russell, 1st b.; F. Russell, 2d b.; T. Madigan, 3d b.; C. Meyer, s. s.; J. Daly, r. f.; W. Russell, c. f.; R. Hartley, l. f. Juniors baseball team—W. Waters, p.; R. Barry, c.; R. Foote, 1st b.; R. Bray, 2d b.; H. Weston, 3d b.; C. Foote, s. s.; W. Hitchcock, r. f.; F. Murphy, c. f.; H. Rowen, l. f. Manager—B. O'Kane.

Chestnut Hill (Newton, Mass.), 29; Boulevards, 0.
Chestnut Hill baseball team—Carl Scott, p.; Bernard O'Kane, c.; William Russell, 1st b.; Frank Russell, 2d b.; Albert Alcock, 3d b.; Carl Meyer, s. s.; John Daly, r. f.; Walter Russell, c. f.; Richard Hartley, l. f. Boulevards baseball team—Harry Gordan, p.; Stanley Moore, c.; Robert Enholm, 1st b.; Edward Richardson, 2d b.; Chas. Paul, 3d b.; Samuel Parks, s. s.; Robert Miller, r. f.; Howard Weston, c. f.; Donald Anderson, l. f. Manager—Bernard O'Kane.

Chestnut Hill (Newton, Mass.), 16; Oxfords, 6.
Chestnut Hill baseball team—C. Scott, p.; B. O'Kane, c.; B. Russell, 1st b.; F. Russell, 2d b.; S. Harding, 3d b.; C. Meyer, s. s.; J. Daly, r. f.; W. Russell, c. f.; R. Hartley, l. f. Oxfords baseball team—H. Rowen, p.; H. Brackett, c.; G. Randlett, 1st b.; P. Blackett, 2d b.; C. Paul, 3d b.; E. Porter, s. s.; J. Briggs, r. f.; C. Haughton, c. f.; A. Spaulding, l. f. Manager—B. O'Kane.

Chestnut Hill (Newton, Mass.), 14; Oxfords, 4.
Chestnut Hill baseball team—C. Scott, p.; B. O'Kane, c.; B. Russell, 1st b.; F. Russell, 2d b.; B. Field, 3d b.; C. Meyer, s. s.; J. Daly, r. f.; W. Russell, c. f.; R. Hartley, l. f. Oxfords baseball team—H. Rowen, p.; E. Porter, c.; N. Young, 1st b.; A. Spaulding, 2d b.; W. Hesse, 3d b.; C. Haughton, s. s.; T. Widger, r. f.; P. Crouse, c. f.; H. Weston, l. f. Manager—B. O'Kane.

Y. C. I. Jrs. (York, Pa.), 25; Victors, 0.
Y. C. I. Jrs. baseball team—George Shearer, p.; Daniel Rupp, c.; Nevin Hench, 1st b.; Chester Crist, 2d b.; Paul Enders, 3d b.; Rodney Polack, s. s.; Emil Schwankovsky, r. f.; Peter Dodson, c. f.; Edward Smith, l. f. Victors baseball team—Wheeler, p.; Adams, c.; Fedder, 1st b.; Austin, 2d b.; Barnum, 3d b.; Hartman, s. s.; Parker, r. f.; Harding, c. f.; Hale, l. f. Manager—Jas. Fisher.

Y. C. I. Jrs. (York, Pa.), 23; Noell Athletes, 3.
Y. C. I. Jrs. baseball team—Rodney Polack, p.; Daniel Rupp, c.; Nevin Hench, 1st b.; Chester Crist, 2d b.; Paul Enders, 3d b.; George Shearer, s. s.; Schwankovsky and Walker, r. f.; Peter Dodson, c. f.; Edward Smith and Kurtz, l. f. Noell Athletes baseball team—Boston, p.; Miller, c.; Styne, 1st b.; Wolfe, 2d b.; Butler, 3d b.; Keleser, s. s.; Wilson, r. f.; Sieling, c. f.; Flieger, l. f. Manager—James Fisher.

Y. C. I. Jrs. (York, Pa.), 12; Sherry St. Giants, 4.
Y. B. L. Jrs. baseball team—George Shearer, p.; Daniel Rupp, c.; Nevin Hench, 1st b.; Chester Crist (capt.), 2d b.; Paul Enders, 3d b.; Rodney Polack, s. s.; Peter Dodson, r. f.; Edward Smith, c. f.; Edwin Lowe, l. f. Sherry St. Giants baseball team—Conway, p.; Baustic (capt.), c.; Thomas, 1st b.; Wallick, 2d b.; Warner, 3d b.; Sheldon, s. s.; Athen, r. f.; Stauffer, c. f.; Selax, l. f. Manager—James Fisher.

Tremont, Jrs. (Omaha, Neb.), 38; St. John, Jr., 5.
Tremont, Jrs. baseball team—Asa Musselman and Ed Hall, p.; Frank Criste, c.; Ed Hall and Asa Musselman, 1st b.; John Dougherty, 2d b.; Owen Plant, 3d b.; Rex Musselman, s. s.; Wallace Black, r. f.; Fred Dougherty, c. f.; Sam Crawford, l. f. St. John, Jr., baseball team—Joe Miller, p.; Alford Glowdin, c.; Tom Foley, 1st b.; Donahue, 2d b.; Bevarage, 3d b.; Frank Welsh (capt.), s. s.; Sidney Foley, r. f.; Ryan, c. f.; William Johnson, l. f. Manager—Asa Musselman.

Tremont, Jrs. (Omaha, Neb.), 40; Picked Team, 4.
Tremont, Jrs. baseball team—Edward Hall, p.; Rex Musselman, c.; Frank Cristy, 1st b.; John Dougherty, 2d b.; Owen Plant, 3d b.; Tom Mespane, s. s.; Dave Harpster, r. f.; Fred Dougherty, c. f.; Sam Crawford, l. f. Picked Team baseball team—Liley W. Plant, p.; Liley W. Plant, c.; Tom Foley, 1st b.; Cohn, 2d b.; Sidney Foley, 3d b.; C. Harpster, s. s.; Ryan, r. f.; Johnson, c. f.; J. Jennings, l. f. Manager—Asa Musselman.

So. Chicago Unions (So. Chicago, Ill.), 16; American Stars, 1.
So. Chicago Unions baseball team—David Howard, p.; Christ

Hansen, c.; Andrew Swanson, 1st b.; Chas. Westling, 2d b.; Oscar Penny, 3d b.; John Hienze, s. s.; George Curren, r. f.; Gerald Treeman, c. f.; Pat. Loyd, l. f. American Stars baseball team—John Ryan, p.; Edwin Thurnberg, c.; Walter Miller, 1st b.; Raymond D. Hanrahan, 2d b.; Fritz Leveque, 3d b.; Abe Cohn, s. s.; Frank Jackson, r. f.; Raymond Miller, c. f.; John Johnson, l. f. Manager—Christ Hansen.

Buffaloes (Cleveland, O.), 16; Higgins Stars, 9.
Buffaloes baseball team—A. Hippler, p.; F. Humble, c.; W. False, 1st b.; E. Talmon, 2d b.; F. Hammer, 3d b.; C. Halmer, s. s.; O. Hammer, r. f.; G. Webber, c. f.; M. Tischler, l. f. Higgins Stars baseball team—F. Schulz, p.; A. Sorger, c.; B. Helm, 1st b.; F. Eifel, 2d b.; F. Huzen, 3d b.; T. Schmers, s. s.; P. Quell, r. f.; W. Glaver, c. f.; S. Glaver, l. f. Manager—W. False.

Troutman F. C. (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 32; Red Cross Jrs., 5.
Troutman F. C. baseball team—H. Driver, p.; V. Winter, c.; J. Kribs, 1st b.; C. Mukert, 2d b.; T. Siegfried, 3d b.; F. Henn, s. s.; L. Riether, r. f.; J. Lang, c. f.; T. Becker, l. f. Red Cross Jrs. baseball team—H. Lehman, p.; G. Gabor, c.; P. Behrens, 1st b.; G. Sendlein, 2d b.; L. Behrens, 3d b.; W. Kahns, s. s.; F. Schlossman, r. f.; H. Budsky, c. f.; M. Fuchs, l. f. Manager—H. Lohrey.

Tip Tops (Pensacola, Fla.), 29; Giants, Jr., 4.
Tip Tops baseball team—Morgan, p.; Vetter (capt.), c.; Morzonla, 1st b.; Golding, 2d b.; Wilson, 3d b.; Kirkpatrick, s. s.; Phillips, r. f.; Suarez, c. f.; Wilkerson, l. f. Giants, Jr., baseball team—Hannanah (capt.), p.; O'Brien, c.; Walsh (mgr.), 1st b.; Snyder, 2d b.; McKinan, 3d b.; Howell, s. s.; Miller, r. f.; Eagen, c. f.; Malory, l. f. Manager—J. R. Morgan.

Cliftons (Charlestown, Mass.), 4; Franklins, 1.
Cliftons baseball team—J. Hayes, p.; C. Doherty, c.; R. F. Neagle, 1st b.; T. Lynas, 2d b.; H. Donnelly, 3d b.; W. Fineran, s. s.; W. Monagle, r. f.; J. Sheehan, c. f.; J. Clemens, l. f. Franklins baseball team—B. Green, p.; W. Rush, c.; L. Whalen, 1st b.; W. Cook, 2d b.; T. Sullivan, 3d b.; B. Ramsey, s. s.; D. Cosgrove, r. f.; W. Melloy, c. f.; J. Brennan, l. f. Manager—R. F. Neagle.

Cliftons (Charlestown, Mass.), 12; Playfairs, 0.
Cliftons baseball team—J. Hayes, p.; C. Doherty, c.; R. F. Neagle, 1st b.; T. Lynas, 2d b.; H. Donnelly, 3d b.; W. Fineran, s. s.; W. Monagle, r. f.; J. Sheehan, c. f.; J. Clemens, l. f. Playfairs baseball team—C. Lawrence, p.; J. Williams, c.; F. Williams, 1st b.; H. O'Hare, 2d b.; F. Toland, 3d b.; R. Denehy, s. s.; E. Stevens, r. f.; W. Higgins, c. f.; A. Meade, l. f. Manager—R. F. Neagle.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 21; Watertown, 1.
Riverviews baseball team—Roscoe McCleave, p.; Loring Barlow, c.; Roy Stubbles, 1st b.; George Keyes, 2d b.; Alden Peterson, 3d b.; Solomon Fruchtman, s. s.; Earl McCleave, r. f.; Harry White, c. f.; Henry Shields, l. f. Watertown baseball team—George Lewis, p.; Gene Parung, c.; Frank Hucks, 1st b.; Carl Greene, 2d b.; Louis Shields, 3d b.; Henry Finch, s. s.; Louis Haggarty, r. f.; Sam Jones, c. f.; Walter Jackson, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Crescent Stars (Athol, Mass.), 25; Victors, 7.
Crescent Stars baseball team—W. O'Laughlin, p.; A. Livermore, c.; F. Farrell, 1st b.; H. Peckham, 2d b.; F. Leonard, 3d b.; H. Thorburn, s. s.; G. Green, r. f.; W. Killay, c. f.; E. Deyo, l. f. Victors baseball team—W. Tyler, p.; H. Reib, c.; C. Shmidt, 1st b.; L. Archabald, 2d b.; H. Reed, 3d b.; T. Mayo, s. s.; B. Leonard, r. f.; B. Waterman, c. f.; F. Heath, l. f. Manager—A. Livermore.

Crescent Stars (Athol, Mass.), 11; Orange, 7.
Crescent Stars baseball team—W. O'Laughlin, p.; A. Livermore, c.; Edward Deyo, 1st b.; Harold Peckham, 2d b.; Fred Leonard, 3d b.; Harry Thorburn, s. s.; Clarence Green, r. f.; Frank Farrell, c. f.; W. Killay, l. f. Orange baseball team—B. Lamb, p.; Chester Loomis, c.; Roy French, 1st b.; Steinbury, 2d b.; Finn, 3d b.; Tom Reynolds, s. s.; Gowing, r. f.; Harris, c. f.; Marden, l. f. Manager—A. Livermore.

Crescent Stars (Athol, Mass.), 17; Highlands, 11.
Crescent Stars baseball team—O'Laughlin, p.; A. Livermore, c.; C. Shmidt, 1st b.; H. Peckham, 2d b.; Fred Leonard, 3d b.; H. Thorburn, s. s.; Harold Power, r. f.; Willie Killay, c. f.; C. Green, l. f. Highlands baseball team—W. Tyler, p.; W. Leonard, c.; Fay, 1st b.; T. Mayo, 2d b.; Pierce Calt, 3d b.; Raymond Drew, s. s.; John Hayden, r. f.; King, c. f.; F. Laffin, l. f. Manager—A. Livermore.

Goleondas (Goleonda, Ill.), 7; Paducah, 6.
Goleondas baseball team—Otto Belford, p.; Cecil Long, c.; James Bird, 1st b.; Oscar Welton, 2d b.; Wm. Glass, 3d b.; Oscar Weil, s. s.; Geo. Rottmann, r. f.; Fred Glass, c. f.; Oscar Jahn, l. f. Paducah baseball team—S. Hedges, p.; Ed. Bright, c.; Dorget, 1st b.; F. Hesley, 2d b.; Varadyke, 3d b.; McCullin, s. s.; Wm. Dorget, r. f.; D. Bright, c. f.; Buck Russell, l. f. Manager—James W. Bird.

Sherman Tigers (Detroit, Mich.), 21; New Home, 2.
Sherman Tigers baseball team—E. Wineberg, p.; H. Samuels, c.; A. Boglarsky, 1st b.; A. Fineberg, 2d b.; H. Cohen, 3d b.; M. Solomon, s. s.; E. Solomon, r. f.; B. Klenk, c. f.; A. Kraus, l. f. New Home baseball team—Goodyear, p.; G. Boglarsky, c.; W. Mann, 1st b.; W. Coon, 2d b.; Shutte, 3d b.; F. Spinney, s. s.; A. Schoik, r. f.; Wagner, c. f.; R. Baylen, l. f. Manager—A. M. Kraus.

Shermans (Detroit, Mich.), 16; Klock's Stars, 6.
Shermans baseball team—E. Wineberg, c.; H. Samuels, c.; A. Boglarsky, 1st b.; A. Fineberg, 2d b.; H. Cohen, 3d b.; M. Solomon, s. s.; E. Solomon, r. f.; B. Klenk, c. f.; A. Kraus, l. f. Klock's Stars baseball team—C. Munk, p.; Odie, c.; G. Manning, 1st b.; Boston, 2d b.; M. George, 3d b.; R. Klock, s. s.; A. Clapp, r. f.; D. May, c. f.; M. Sheldon, l. f. Manager—A. M. Kraus.

Shermans (Detroit, Mich.), 6; Finn A. Club, 2.
Shermans baseball team—E. Wineberg, p.; H. Samuels, c.; A. Boglarsky, 1st b.; A. Fineberg, 2d b.; H. Cohen, 3d b.; M. Solomon, s. s.; E. Solomon, r. f.; B. Klenk, c. f.; A. Kraus, l. f. Finn A. Club baseball team—B. Finn, p.; Zalk, c.; E. Metzger, 1st b.; Marx, 2d b.; Nederlander, 3d b.; C. Jacobson, s. s.; J. Nussy, r. f.; P. Storke, c. f.; Lefkowsky, l. f. Manager—A. M. Kraus.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 9; Roaders B. B. C., 0.
Montford A. C. baseball team—H. Loos, p.; H. Emery (capt.), c.; J. May, 1st b.; Stickler, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; H. Hofmeister, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; T. Marshall, l. f. Roaders B. B. C. baseball team—Refused to give line-up. Manager—H. Hofmeister.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 35; Montford Sluggers, 0.
 Montford A. C. baseball team—Gosser, p.; H. Emery (capt.), c.; J. May, 1st b.; Stickler, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; H. Hofmeister, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; T. Marshall, l. f. Montford Sluggers baseball team—Irvan, Evans and Homan, p.; B. Brighell, c.; J. Leonard, 1st b.; J. Horney, 2d b.; H. Leonard, 3d b.; Irvan and Homan, s. s.; Homan and Evans, r. f.; L. Brighell, c. f.; Brenel, l. f. Manager—H. Hofmeister.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 29; Montford Sluggers, 0.
 Montford A. C. baseball team—H. Hofmeister, p.; H. Emery (capt.), c.; J. May, 1st b.; J. Stickler, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; Gosser, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; T. Marshall, l. f. Montford Sluggers baseball team—J. Leonard, p.; Evans, c.; B. Brighell, 1st b.; J. Horney, 2d b.; H. Leonard, 3d b.; L. Brighell, s. s.; Irvan, r. f.; Homan, c. f.; Brenel, l. f. Manager—H. Hofmeister.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 14; Picked Team, 0.
 Montford A. C. baseball team—H. Hofmeister, p.; H. Emery (capt.), c.; J. May, 1st b.; J. Stickler, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; Gosser, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; Tom Marshall, l. f. Picked baseball team—"Country Jim," p.; Motts, c.; Badder, 1st b.; Morrow, 2d b.; Hill, 3d b.; O'Donnell, s. s.; Daver, r. f.; Bozman, c. f.; ———, l. f. Manager—H. Hofmeister.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 9; Jeffersons, 0.
 Montford A. C. baseball team—H. Hofmeister, p.; H. Emery (capt.), c.; J. May, 1st b.; J. Stickler, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; Gosser, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; Tom Marshall, l. f. Jeffersons baseball team—Slagle, p.; Elles, c.; Lindsay, 1st b.; Bender, 2d b.; Parry, 3d b.; Bowers, s. s.; Mehan, r. f.; Snyder, c. f.; Stick, l. f. Manager—H. Hofmeister.

Montford A. C. (Baltimore, Md.), 12; Dick-De-Doos, 1.
 Montford A. C. baseball team—H. Emery (capt.), p.; W. Bond, c.; J. May, 1st b.; S. Peaster, 2d b.; H. Hofmeister, 3d b.; C. Bond, s. s.; B. Horney, r. f.; C. Hofmeister, c. f.; T. Marshall, l. f. Dick-De-Doos baseball team—Monday and Tobe, p.; J. Wilson, c.; Tobe and Monday, 1st b.; "Devils," 2d b.; Joe Erten, 3d b.; "Honest Dave," s. s.; "Moon Eye," r. f.; ———, c. f.; ———, l. f. Manager—Henry Hofmeister.

G. B.'s (Brunswick, Me.), 22; L. V. B. C., 1.
 G. B.'s baseball team—Snow (mgr.), p.; A. Thompson (capt.), c.; Cony, 1st b.; Roso, 2d b.; J. Brawn, 3d b.; J. Thompson, s. s.; R. Brawn, r. f.; Brown, c. f.; Haskell, l. f. L. V. B. C. baseball team—Fossett, p.; Cartland, c.; Coburn, 1st b.; F. Little, 2d b.; G. Little, 3d b.; B. Owen, s. s.; R. Owen, r. f.; W. Little, c. r.; G. Owen, l. f. Manager—James Snow.

Farmer St. (Vicksburg, Miss.), 16; Speeds St., 15.
 Farmer St. baseball team—John Reasor, p.; Fred Reasor, c.; A. Dunn, 1st b.; H. Evans, 2d b.; W. Evans, 3d b.; J. King, s. s.; G. Graving, r. f.; E. Harper, c. f.; Walter Becker, l. f. Speeds St. baseball team—E. O'Neal, p.; D. Tucker, c.; L. Lefoldt, 1st b.; R. Folley, 2d b.; C. Arnborn, 3d b.; B. Foster, s. s.; F. Clancy, r. f.; C. T. Wallace, c. f.; F. Fisher, l. f. Manager—W. Evans.

Boys' A. C. (Saco, Me.), 21; St. Mary's, 0.
 Boys' A. C. baseball team—M. E. Savage, p.; S. Whitten (capt.), c.; D. Wakefield, 1st b.; L. Boston, 2d b.; A. King, 3d b.; J. Littlefield, s. s.; G. Miles, r. f.; C. Weymouth, c. f.; W. Miles, l. f. St. Mary's baseball team—McGrath, p.; Rice, c.; P. Sullivan, 1st b.; T. Sullivan, 2d b.; Hickey, 3d b.; Curran, s. s.; Kerwin, r. f.; J. Sullivan, c. f.; Dewey, l. f. Manager—M. Savage.

B. A. C. (Saco, Me.), 12; Redhots, 3.
 B. A. C. baseball team—M. E. Savage, p.; S. Whitten (capt.), c.; D. Wakefield, 1st b.; L. Boston, 2d b.; A. King, 3d b.; J. Littlefield, s. s.; G. Miles, r. f.; C. Weymouth, c. f.; M. Miles, l. f. Redhots baseball team—Bryant, p.; Miles, c.; Cluff, 1st b.; Whitten, 2d b.; Stone, 3d b.; O'Rourke, s. s.; Dugan, r. f.; Anderson, c. f.; Burns, l. f. Manager—M. Savage.

Portland (Portland, Pa.), 17; E. S. Normal, 4.
 Portland baseball team—L. Gardner, p.; Delph, c.; J. Jones, 1st b.; Loch, 2d b.; H. Jones, 3d b.; Beam, s. s.; A. Jones, r. f.; Geary, c. f.; Cook, l. f. E. S. Normal baseball team—Callary, p.; Mikrantz, c.; Jenkins, 1st b.; Pentecost, 2d b.; Gilpin, 3d b.; Foley, s. s.; Wilson, r. f.; D. Morgan, c. f.; McGeary, l. f. Manager—Harvey Gardner.

Portland (Portland, Pa.), 6; Stroudsburg H. S., 4.
 Portland baseball team—L. Gardner, p.; Delp, c.; J. Jones, 1st b.; L. Gardner, 2d b.; Beam, 3d b.; Loch, s. s.; A. Jones, r. f.; Wilson, c. f.; Cook, l. f. Stroudsburg H. S. baseball team—White, p.; Hartman, c.; Rensinger, 1st b.; Ramsey, 2d b.; Mayer, 3d b.; Azer, s. s.; Nyce, r. f.; Shiffer, c. f.; Burnett, l. f. Manager—Harvey Gardner.

Portland B. B. C. (Portland, Pa.), 8; Stroudsburg H. S., 11.
 Portland baseball team—Gardner, p.; Delp, c.; J. Jones, 1st b.; Geary, 2d b.; Honogue, 3d b.; Loch, s. s.; A. Jones, r. f.; Beam, c. f.; Fox, l. f. Stroudsburg H. S. baseball team—White, p.; Hartman, c.; Bensinger, 1st b.; Ramsey, 2d b.; Van Why, 3d b.; Azer, s. s.; Nyce, r. f.; Shiffer, c. f.; Burnett, l. f. Manager—H. Gardner.

Woodhull Jrs. (Jamaica, L. I.), 12; W. S. H. A. C., 0.
 Woodhull Jrs. baseball team—A. F. Crittenden, p.; M. Dayton, c.; W. Nelson (capt.), 1st b.; R. Rock, 2d b.; L. H. Steele, 3d b.; L. Kibben, s. s.; D. C. Crittenden, r. f.; A. C. Kennedy, c. f.; H. Pearson, l. f. W. S. H. A. C. baseball team—C. Johnson, p.; A. F. Knowles, c.; D. R. Knox, 1st b.; B. Lea, 2d b.; D. More, 3d b.; F. Leonard, s. s.; C. Fort, r. f.; G. Browne, c. f.; C. Brown, l. f. Manager—Louis Kibben.

Woodhull Jrs. (Jamaica, L. I.), 39; Central H. S., 0.
 Woodhull Jrs. baseball team—R. Rock, p.; M. Dayton, c.; A. F. Crittenden, 1st b.; W. Nelson (capt.), 2d b.; L. H. Steele, 3d b.; L. Kibben (mgr.), s. s.; D. C. Crittenden, r. f.; A. C. Kennedy, c. f.; H. Pearson, l. f. Central H. S. baseball team—V. Wolfe, C. Key and A. Dunton, p.; A. Sibley, c.; G. Cronin, 1st b.; G. Kirk and A. Evans, 2d b.; S. Morris, 3d b.; H. Boyd (capt.), s. s.; R. Davis, r. f.; H. Brystone, c. f.; F. Key, l. f. Manager—Louis Kibben.

Y. Chicagos (Chicago, Ill.), 12; White Elephants, 10.
 Y. Chicagos baseball team—B. Eastburn, p.; L. Lawson, c.; Ed. Drew, 1st b.; J. Walsh, 2d b.; Wm. Fitzgerald, 3d b.; Ed. Squires, s. s.; C. Dickerson, r. f.; P. Borsch, c. f.; C. Heagney, l. f. White

Elephants baseball team—Joe Lathan, p.; Jackie Shea, c.; Jakle Borsch, 1st b.; Jim Stacey, 2d b.; Frank Staley, 3d b.; John Dorathy, s. s.; Richard Whalen, r. f.; Willie Briden, c. f.; Joe McConorney, l. f. Manager—M. Seemore.

Savin Rocks (West Haven, Conn.), 27; Kimberlys, 5.
 Savin Rocks baseball team—John F. Lynch, p.; Sidney Lynch, c.; George Stevenson, 1st b.; George Molinelli, 2d b.; Bernard Seery, 3d b.; James Stevenson, s. s.; Ernest Stevenson, r. f.; William Lynch, c. f.; John Seery, l. f. Kimberlys baseball team—George Russ, p.; Vernon Brown, c.; William Shannon, 1st b.; Tom Lyons, 2d b.; Eddie Kimberly, 3d b.; William Welch, s. s.; Tennie McDonald, r. f.; James Lyons, c. f.; Dennis Kimberly, l. f. Manager—William Lynch.

Savin Rocks (West Haven, Conn.), 20; West Havens, 7.
 Savin Rocks baseball team—J. Lynch, p.; J. Thomas, c.; G. Lynch, 1st b.; G. Molinelli, 2d b.; B. Seery, 3d b.; J. Stevenson, s. s.; W. Tierney, r. f.; W. Lynch, c. f.; J. Seery, l. f. West Havens baseball team—J. Lindon, p.; C. Lyons, c.; B. Shannon, 1st b.; Russ, 2d b.; E. Quinn, 3d b.; P. Loomis, s. s.; R. McNulty, r. f.; E. Kimberlie, c. f.; McDonald, l. f. Manager—W. Lynch.

Savin Rocks (West Haven, Conn.), 11; Savin Rock Scrubs, 0.
 Savin Rocks baseball team—J. Lynch, p.; S. Lynch, c.; George Stevenson, 1st b.; George Molinelli, 2d b.; Bernard Seery, 3d b.; James Stevenson, s. s.; Ernest Stevenson, r. f.; William Lynch, c. f.; John Seery, l. f. Savin Rock Scrubs baseball team—G. Griffin, p.; J. Slater, c.; A. St. Lawrence, 1st b.; G. Brill, 2d b.; G. Lyman, 3d b.; L. Pagter, s. s.; A. Pagter, r. f.; W. Lawler, c. f.; P. Jacobs, l. f. Manager—William Lynch.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 6; Beelhops, 0.
 Peerless baseball team—S. Capen, p.; O. Wilson, c.; W. Molumphy, 1st b.; W. Courtney, 2d b.; M. Lennhoff, 3d b.; E. Egan, s. s.; A. Wilson, r. f.; J. Carey, c. f.; R. Hennessy, l. f. Beelhops baseball team—Stockbridge, p.; Duffy, c.; Phillips, 1st b.; Raby, 2d b.; Kuhnly, 3d b.; Foley, s. s.; Bassett, r. f.; Lovell, c. f.; Gilligan, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 12; International, 0.
 Peerless baseball team—S. Capen, p.; O. Wilson, c.; W. Molumphy, 1st b.; Courtney, 2d b.; Lennhoff, 3d b.; Egan, s. s.; Wilson, r. f.; Carey, c. f.; Hennessy, l. f. International baseball team—Tanner, p.; McCoy, c.; Renz, 1st b.; Davis, 2d b.; Baker, 3d b.; Griswold, s. s.; Hannigan, r. f.; Cole, c. f.; Sullivan, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

Hamilton F. C. (Paterson, N. J.), 10; Clippers, 6.
 Hamilton F. C. baseball team—R. Morsley, p.; C. Hart, c.; G. Blackburn, 1st b.; J. Tilly, 2d b.; F. Grimshaw, 3d b.; F. Wiley, s. s.; C. Smith, r. f.; F. Loughlin, c. f.; T. Donohue, l. f. Clippers baseball team—J. Brown, p.; R. Van Blascow, c.; R. Wade, 1st b.; T. Bowers, 2d b.; Z. Murdy, 3d b.; J. Carroll, s. s.; F. O'Brien, r. f.; C. Bates, c. f.; J. Fish, l. f. Manager—J. McVeigh.

Hamilton F. C. (Paterson, N. J.), 3; Home A. C., 1.
 Hamilton F. C. baseball team—W. C. Had, p.; C. Hart, c.; G. Blackburn, 1st b.; J. Tilly, 2d b.; F. Grimshaw, 3d b.; F. Wiley, s. s.; C. Smith, r. f.; F. Loughlin, c. f.; T. Donohue, l. f. Home A. C. baseball team—H. Harding, p.; F. Post, c.; T. Farnon, 1st b.; J. Moffit, 2d b.; J. Hogan, 3d b.; L. McCabe, s. s.; C. Olden, r. f.; G. Tucell, c. f.; D. Mitchell, l. f. Manager—J. McVeigh.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 4; Wiltshires, 1.
 Peerless baseball team—S. Capen, p.; O. Wilson, c.; W. Molumphy, 1st b.; W. Courtney, 2d b.; M. Lennhoff, 3d b.; E. Egan, s. s.; A. Wilson, r. f.; J. Carey, c. f.; R. Hennessy, l. f. Wiltshires baseball team—Brown, p.; Scannel, c.; Berry, 1st b.; Smith, 2d b.; Martin, 3d b.; Jones, s. s.; Osbourn, r. f.; Leander, c. f.; Roberts, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 3; Winners, 0.
 Peerless baseball team—S. Capen, p.; O. Wilson, c.; W. Molumphy, 1st b.; W. Courtney, 2d b.; M. Lennhoff, 3d b.; E. Egan, s. s.; A. Wilson, r. f.; J. Carey, c. f.; R. Hennessy, l. f. Winners baseball team—Miller, p.; West, c.; Coyle, 1st b.; Cronin, 2d b.; King, 3d b.; Kenny, s. s.; White, r. f.; Thorn, c. f.; Harvey, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 15; Bivouacs, 4.
 Peerless baseball team—Courtney, p.; O. Wilson, c.; Molumphy, 1st b.; Capen, 2d b.; Lennhoff, 3d b.; Egan, s. s.; A. Wilson, r. f.; Carey, c. f.; Hennessy, l. f. Bivouacs baseball team—Casey, p.; Burke, c.; Quinn, 1st b.; Thompson, 2d b.; Webster, 3d b.; Phillips, s. s.; Clark, r. f.; Burns, c. f.; McKenney, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

Peerless (Hartford, Conn.), 15; Faradales, 5.
 Peerless baseball team—Courtney, p.; O. Wilson, c.; Molumphy, 1st b.; Capen, 2d b.; Lennhoff, 3d b.; Egan, s. s.; A. Wilson, r. f.; J. Carey, c. f.; R. Hennessy, l. f. Faradales baseball team—Clark, p.; Moore, c.; Brennan, 1st b.; Barton, 2d b.; Ahern, 3d b.; Richards, s. s.; West, r. f.; Greenway, c. f.; Brock, l. f. Manager—R. Hennessy.

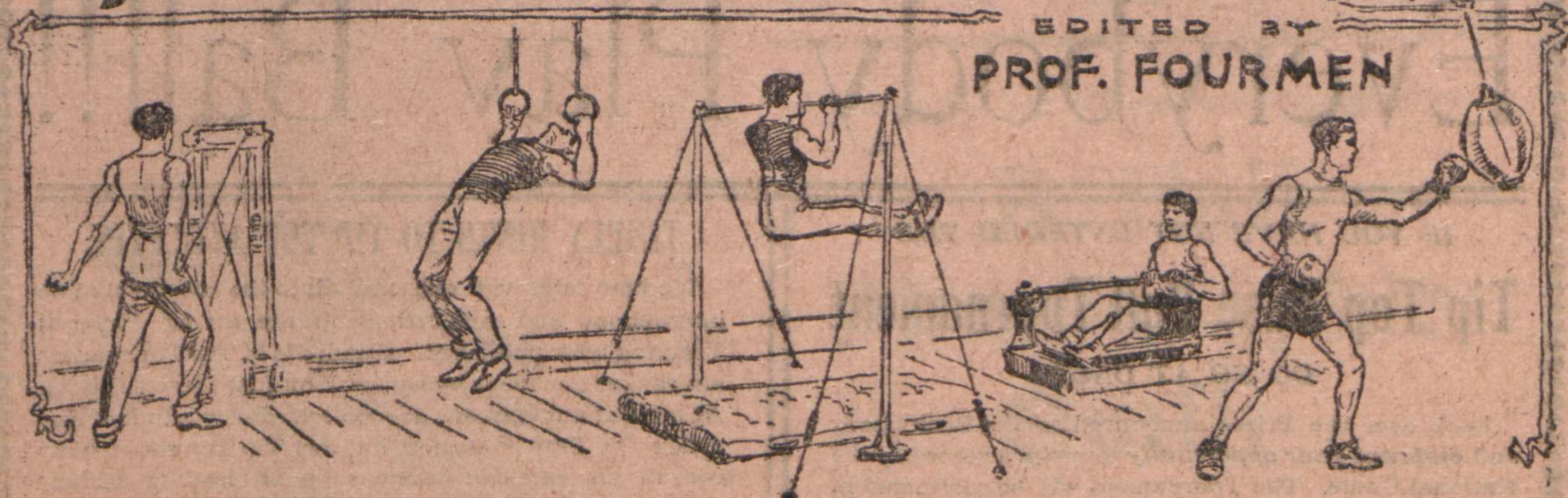
Hamilton F. C. (Paterson, N. J.), 7; Alerts F. C., 0.
 Hamilton F. C. baseball team—R. Worsley, p.; C. Hart, c.; G. Blackburn, 1st b.; J. Tilly, 2d b.; F. Grimshaw, 3d b.; F. Wiley, s. s.; C. Smith, r. f.; F. Loughlin, c. f.; T. Donohue, l. f. Alerts F. C. baseball team—Z. O'Neill, p.; F. O'Neill, c.; T. Kelly, 1st b.; J. Simpson, 2d b.; R. McBride, 3d b.; T. Welch, s. s.; H. Thomson, r. f.; S. Shepard, c. f.; F. Lavery, l. f. Manager—J. McVeigh.

Hamilton F. C. (Paterson, N. J.), 18; Delawares, 1.
 Hamilton F. C. baseball team—W. Chace, p.; C. Hart, c.; G. Blackburn, 1st b.; J. Tilly, 2d b.; F. Grimshaw, 3d b.; F. Wiley, s. s.; C. Smith, r. f.; F. Loughlin, c. f.; T. Donohue, l. f. Delawares baseball team—J. Farrell, p.; T. McGuire, c.; Z. Moran, 1st b.; T. Healy, 2d b.; B. Kelly, 3d b.; J. Hennion, s. s.; D. Jackson, r. f.; F. Huger, c. f.; C. Elliot, l. f. Manager—J. McVeigh.

Hamilton F. C. (Paterson, N. J.), 9; Nationals, 7.
 Hamilton F. C. baseball team—R. Worsley, p.; C. Hart, c.; G. Blackburn, 1st b.; J. Tilly, 2d b.; F. Grimshaw, 3d b.; F. Wiley, s. s.; T. Donohue, r. f.; C. Smith, c. f.; F. Loughlin, l. f. Nationals baseball team—T. McManus, p.; F. Griggs, c.; J. Irwin, 1st b.; J. Olcott, 2d b.; R. West, 3d b.; C. Bacon, s. s.; B. Cole, r. f.; J. Edwards, c. f.; S. Murn, l. f. Manager—J. McVeigh.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

EDITED BY
PROF. FOURMEN



Professor Fourmen's advice, through this department, to young athletes has proven so beneficial that Street & Smith have engaged the good and learned professor to continue the department so long as there are young men and boys in this country who are anxious to develop themselves, or ambitious to become athletes. So our young athletes may continue to seek Professor Fourmen's advice, which we and they know to be of the best, through this department. "If there is anything you want to know about yourself write Professor Fourmen."

Prof. Fourmen.—I am very sickly and when I'm sick I'm sick all over. The chief parts are: Stomach, headache and cramps. I've tried almost all kinds of medicine. I know I need some kind of exercise. Will you please tell me which I need? I am twelve years old; my chest expansion is twenty-eight inches and my stomach twenty-six. I expect a reply in the next Tip Top Weekly. F. F.

What you need right off is a systematic course of training—not too severe to begin with, but something to give your muscles and mind a better chance to work. In the first place, live out of doors this summer as much as you can. Don't eat indigestible foods; play baseball, take a bath and a rubdown every morning. For systematic training follow my course as set down in Tip Top Physical Culture Department. Do not worry, you will come round all right.

Prof. Fourmen.—I am eighteen years old. My height is five feet eight and one-half inches. My weight is one hundred and fifty pounds. How do they compare? I use three-pound dumbbells every night, five hundred times out straight from the shoulder. Is that too much? Please tell me how to improve my wind, as I am very short winded. ATHLETE.

1. Your weight is just about right. 2. The dumbbells are too heavy. Use one-pound instead. 3. Try running every morning.

Prof. Fourmen.—The following are my measurements, taken by the physical director of the Milwaukee Y. M. C. A. Age, fourteen years eleven months; weight, 108.5 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches; neck, 12.6 inches; chest expanded, 33.3 inches; chest contracted, 31.1 inches; waist, 27.1 inches; hips, 32.1 inches; right upper arm up, 3.4 inches; left upper arm up, 8.9 inches; right thigh, 17.8 inches; right calf, 12.8 inches; left thigh, 17.6 inches; left calf, 12.6 inches; heart rate, 78; lung capacity, 178; pull up four times. How are my measurements for my age? When I throw far, run or jump, I get a pain all around my waist. Will you please explain this? WILL JACKSON.

1. Your measurements are fair. 2. As for the pain in your side, it is very evident that you have attempted to do too much at times. Take it easy. As soon as you feel the pain coming on stop right there, or you may make yourself much more trouble. This trouble will pass in a couple of years, sooner if you are careful.

Prof. Fourmen.—I inclose a Tip Top Athletic Contest coupon filled out; not as a contestant, but that you may know my measurements. If not too much trouble, I would be very much obliged if you would kindly let me know through the Tip Top what special exercises I need. ROY KEMPER.

Your measurements as per coupon are very fair. I would suggest chest weights and morning runs as the exercise which will do you the most good at present.

Prof. Fourmen.—I am a constant reader of the Tip Top and am interested in the Physical Culture Department. I am twelve years old, five feet two and a half inches in height, but only weigh eighty-three pounds. How can I increase my weight? I can expand two inches and stand and jump six feet one inch. Is this a fair jump? Wishing you success, I remain. A BUFFALO BOY.

You can increase not only your weight but your entire physique and powers of endurance by following my course of physical training, which you will find published in Tip Top No. 266. Your record for the broad jump is fair for an athlete of your age.

Prof. Fourmen.—I would like to have you answer a few questions for me. I am a young baseball pitcher and I have got good curves. I am a south-paw. I know how all of the regular curves should be thrown, but I cannot get a very good out curve, what a right-hand man would throw to be an in curve, and I have not got much speed. I wish you would tell me how to acquire speed and how to

get a good out curve. I have a nice high in and a beautiful in drop as ever went over the slab. I have pitched ever since I was twelve years old and I am now eighteen. I never lost but three games in my life and I have pitched against men, too. I have struck out as many as sixteen men in one game. I would like to become a baseball pitcher very much. I am going to try to get a team together and enter the Tip Top League. I can run a hundred yards in twelve seconds without training, and I think I can get it down to about ten and three-fifths with a month's training. I box every night and I jump some, too. I remain, yours,

JACK KEENE.

If you read my article entitled "Curved Pitching, and How to Do It," published in Tip Top No. 266, you will find many valuable points and many just suited to your case. Keep up your good work. I am proud to hear from such promising and ambitious young athletes.

Prof. Fourmen.—I have been reading your Tip Tops for some time, and think they are just splendid. I wish to ask you a few questions. First, as to my measurements. I am seventeen years and eleven months old and weigh 139 pounds; height, 5 feet 5½ inches; chest measure (normal) 33 inches, (expanded) 35½ inches; biceps on right arm, 12 inches; on left arm, 11½ inches; right forearm, 10½ inches; left forearm, 10½ inches; waist, 30 inches; thighs, 21 inches; right calf, 15 inches; left calf, 14½ inches. How are these measurements? Second, how is my weight? Third, what muscles should I try to develop most, judging from the above? In trapeze work have lately been troubled with dizziness. Can you give me any remedy? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

EDDIE DAY.

1. Your measurements are very good.
2. Your weight also is good.
3. Muscles of the neck, back, thighs and abdomen.
4. Do not assume such positions on trapeze as are likely to send the blood rushing to your head. The whole trouble lies right there. There is no remedy for it, except to remove the cause, as I have stated.

Prof. Fourmen.—I am a constant reader of the Tip Top, and would like to have you answer the following: Last season I was catcher in our second baseball team until the 1st of August, when I went to the Exposition. I was there about two weeks, and when I returned I went to playing ball again. But the first time I tried to throw the ball to second base such a pain took me in the shoulder that it made me yell. Since that time I have hardly been able to throw across the street without having it pain me. I wish you would tell me the cause of it and the remedy, if there is any. Hoping to hear from you in the next Tip Top, and thanking you in advance.

T. G. W.

Your trouble is this: During the early part of the season you got your arm in good shape. Then you gave up training and doubtless caught cold in your shoulder. While you were not using your arm to throw the muscles most engaged in this act became stiff and did not receive sufficient exercise to maintain proper tone. As a result, when you made your first long throw, the muscles were suddenly put on the stretch and consequently lamed. The best remedy is to throw easily for a week or two, rubbing your arm and shoulder with witch hazel after each practice.

Prof. Fourmen.—I am sixteen years and three months old and weigh 116 pounds. My height is 5 feet 6 inches. Are my height and weight all right for my age? I work in a drug store and do not get much chance to exercise. Hoping you will answer my questions, I remain, Yours,

J. F. EGAN.

Your measurements are right for your age. Try to get all the exercise you can, especially in the open air.

Everybody Play Ball!!!

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Look over the Prizes announced on the Back Cover and **embrace your opportunity** to make a record in the National Game. The Tournament will be conducted in Four Divisions, to be known as **Leagues**, namely, the **EASTERN, WESTERN, NORTHERN and SOUTHERN LEAGUES**.

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TIMELY HINTS TO TIP TOP ATHLETES.

We here refer you one and all to the most valuable instructions and suggestions in the art of Physical Training ever published. Hundreds of Tip Top readers are asking questions every week on just these subjects. At present our columns are too crowded to admit of any articles by Prof. Fourmen, but any Tip Top reader may consult his valuable opinions on all leading athletic topics by referring to the catalogue below.

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Curved Pitching and How to Do It	No. 266
In-Door Training	No. 267
Accuracy and Strategy in Pitching	No. 268
Training Table for Young Athletes	No. 269
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How to Use Indian Clubs—Part Second	No. 273
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TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT COUPON

Name of Team	Town	State	Opponent's Name
NAMES OF TEAM		POSITION	NAMES OF TEAM
		Pitcher	
		Catcher	
		1st Base	
		2d Base	
		3d Base	
		Short Stop	
		R. Field	
		C. Field	
		L. Field	
Winner	Final Score	Manager	



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| 5. A Pole Vault | 11. A Bicycle Race |
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